JOHN BULL, week ending NOVEMBER 8, 1941.

JOHN BULL

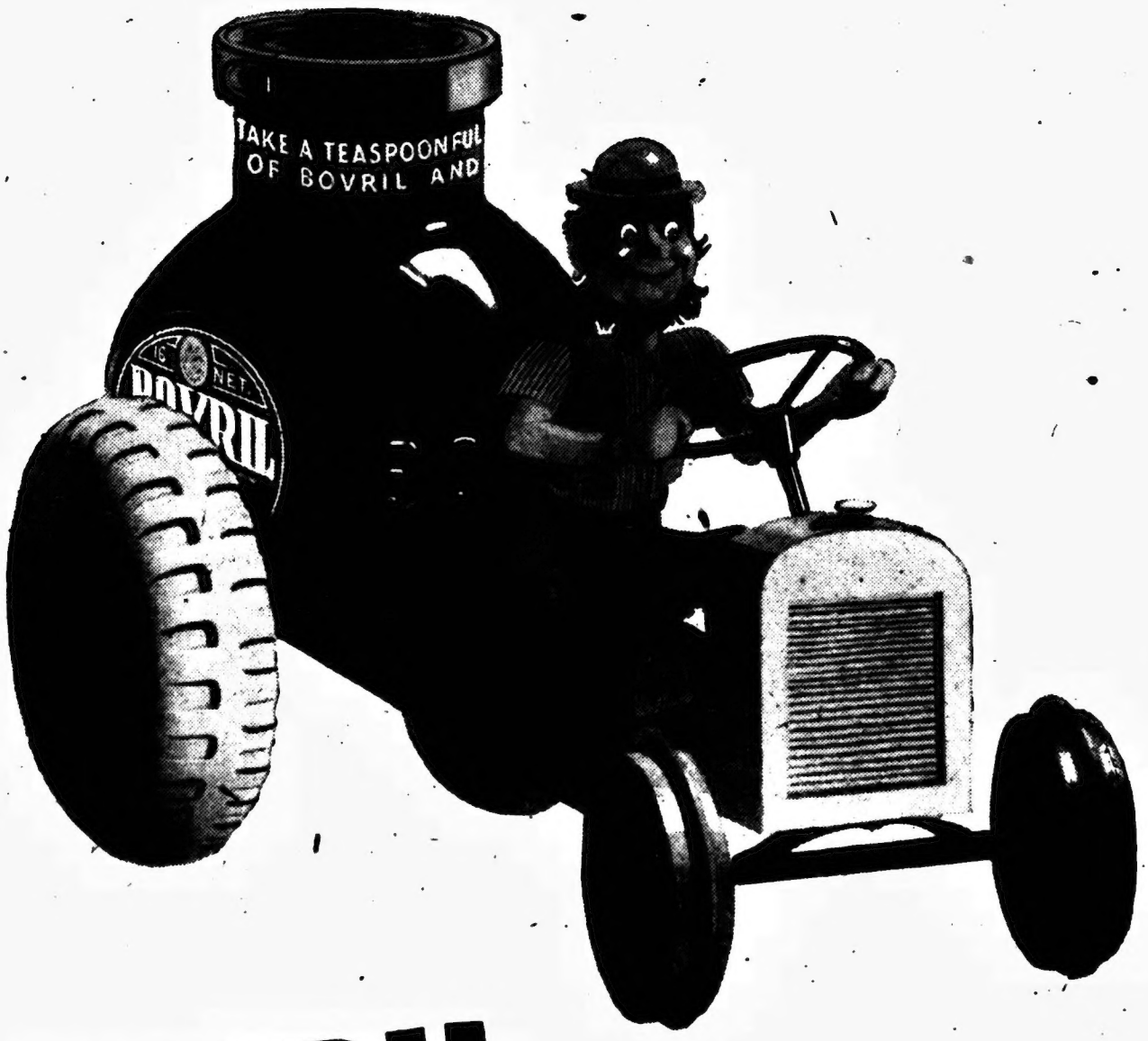
VOL. LXX 1847

2½D EVERY THURSDAY

STOP THIS FIDDLING By the EDITOR

OUR EMPIRE SPREADS ITS WINGS

THE TORCH OF DEMOCRACY by A.G.G.



BOVRIL

—gives you driving power!

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
gives you an extra supply of
Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

Save leather by using

It keeps boots and shoes smart and makes them last longer

CDUO 52

They all voted for these three

FRESH-SALTED COD

recipes

Cookery experts from famous catering establishments, from the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and from the leading newspapers and women's magazines, came along to demonstrations at the Ministry of Food to taste new dishes made with Fresh-Salted Cod, now in your fishmonger's at 9d. a lb. And these are the three they all voted the best. They're quite easy to make; try them, and see if your family don't agree with the experts that these dishes are very good indeed!

Baked Fish Cakes

4 ozs. cooked Fresh-Salted Cod, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, 2 large well-mashed carrots, 1 teaspoonful mixed sweet herbs, 1 dessertspoonful worcester sauce (a rasher of bacon cooked and chopped if liked). Mix ingredients thoroughly, form into small round cakes and roll each in fine, well-baked breadcrumbs. Put the cakes on a greased baking tin and bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven. This is a particularly good way of making fish cakes as no fat is required.

Fish Pie.

¾ lb. cooked Fresh-Salted Cod, 1 lb. sliced cooked carrots or swedes, 1 lb. sliced cooked potatoes, 1 pint white or parsley sauce, chopped parsley, pepper. Put a layer of sauce at the bottom of a dish, arrange in alternate layers the fish and vegetables and sauce, finishing with potatoes. Sprinkle the parsley and seasoning between the layers. Cover the top with crisped breadcrumbs (much improved if tossed in bacon fat). Put the dish into the oven to get thoroughly hot.

Fish Paste.

3 ozs. cooked Fresh-Salted Cod, 2 ozs. mashed potatoes, 1 oz. softened margarine, 2 teaspoonfuls worcester sauce, pepper. Flake the fish finely with a fork or put through the mincer and beat into the potato until the mixture is smooth and creamy. Then beat in the margarine and sauce and a little pepper. Use for sandwiches.

FOOD FACTS No. 66.

MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1.

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned — what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres — that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

"What! no walkies tonight?"

HOME is the best place for your dog after blackout time — even though he thinks it's just the night for another go at that rat!

But remember, blackouts mean serious loss of exercise for dogs. The result is that the bloodstream becomes overcharged with poisonous waste products. These *must* be corrected. That is why regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now more necessary than ever.

One Bob Martin's once a day will make (and keep) your dog a 'plus' dog—always in sparkling condition, always a happy, devoted companion.

In packets of 9 powders 7d., or 21 for 1/1½.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders keep dogs fit

'Rise and Shine! Rise and Shine!' The Petty Officer is calling the hands. (What the hands are calling the P.O. doesn't matter!) To this time-honoured reveille generations of A.B.'s have tumbled out, performed their ablutions and cleaned their teeth — with KOLYNOS. It's a way they have in the Navy which might well be emulated. So start the day by *rising and shining with Kolynos*, the tooth paste which keeps the whole mouth clean and fresh.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 8, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Thanks, Lord Woolton

More food to be rationed!

That should occasion congratulations rather than criticism.

JOHN BULL has frequently urged an extension of rationing as the only way to share out available foodstuffs evenly among the people.

But Lord Woolton has hit on an idea that introduces an element of surprise.

"Shop where you like for certain newly rationed tinned goods" is indeed so good an idea that it should be extended wherever possible.

Many retailers prefer to have customers bound to them for twelve months. But, from the customer's viewpoint, that has been one of the gravest disadvantages of rationing.

Now the housewife will be able to shop with her new "points" book for certain canned goods where she is assured of satisfaction.

She will no doubt share JOHN BULL's wish that Lord Woolton will develop the principle in all future rationing schemes.

Straight from the Shoulder

TOO MUCH INVASION

OUR Ministers have dangled the invasion bogy far too long. They should lay it to rest for a few months.

They should have learned that we can be stirred but not scared into a realisation of our danger.

Once there was a prospect of immediate attack upon our beaches. That faded with the onslaught upon Russia.

Maginot Minds

Certainly we *shall* be invaded eventually—unless we defeat the enemy outside this island. But not yet.

Our Ministers, however, continue to talk as if invasion may come next week. And too much talk of that kind is not a stimulant but an opiate.

To become invasion-minded would make us Maginot-minded.

Action Stations!

We cannot be safe merely by manning our shores. We cannot defeat the enemy by standing on the defensive.

We should be moving quickly to thwart the enemy's real plans, and they do not include invasion at the moment.

Let us tackle first things first!

Winter Campaign

The enemy is preparing a tremendous arms drive during the winter.

France, Holland, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Norway and Poland are to supply torrents of tanks, 'planes, guns and munitions.

Raw materials in vast quantities will be plundered from all the occupied countries.

Big Push

Mines, steelworks, mills and factories are passing one by one into Nazi hands. Their output, already great, is to be doubled and redoubled.

All Europe is to become a slave State.

No doubt sabotage will also increase. But it will not prevent masses of weapons from being stacked up for use against the Allies next Spring.

Peace Offensive

Before then, the enemy will himself try to prevent their use.

A new peace offensive is about to be launched.

Madrid is its headquarters. The Nazi-controlled Spanish Press is its vanguard.

What a Price!

This is its battle-cry: "It is still not too late for western civilisation to be saved at the expense of Russia."

Evidently the Spanish mouthpieces of the German gangsters have not yet appraised the mettle of the British people. They have not yet learned that treachery has no place in our war policy.

But they will learn it—and quickly.

Nazi Dictates

When they do so, when the diplomats return to Madrid after a "holiday" in their own countries, when the new peace offensive fails, Spain will serve Germany in other ways.

Franco is purging his supporters who demand "Spain for the Spanish." He is sending 100,000 labourers to Germany.

And President Roosevelt had strong evidence to support his warning that the Nazis are planning to occupy Spain.

Treachery by Stealth

Vichy would naturally give facilities for that move. No treachery is too base for the slimy gentry of Vichy.

We now know, from a diplomat who once served them, that Vichy agents spied upon British shipping for their Nazi masters, that Vichy enabled British aerodromes in Greece to be bombed.

Fresh treachery is afoot.

George Whitelaw cartoon from the "Daily Herald"

Hush-Hush

Darlan's secret treaty gives Germany permanent control of important ports in France. It surrenders control of commerce and agriculture.

That is not all.

Clause 8 gives the Nazis the Mediterranean ports of Oran and Algiers and Bizerta and Sete.

There we see one prong of the pincers by which Hitler hopes to seize the Mediterranean.

Look to the East

The other end of the Mediterranean will be endangered if Southern Russia falls.

The plight of the Nazi armies halted before Moscow will be [illegible] the snow mounts [illegible]

But the threat to the south will remain.

Second Front

Perhaps that is why our attack on Libya has been held up so long. We need a big army in Persia to support General Wavell in defending the Caucasus.

For it is there that the Allies' Second Front is most likely to be formed.

Why Wait!

Britain must not wait for that. We must disrupt the enemy plans.

We should be bombing the new war plants of Austria rather than the railways of the denuded Rhineland.

In certain factories at Linz, for example, there were 12,000 workers a few months ago. Now there are 48,000.

Bomb Them!

Nor should we hesitate to thwart Vichy's political thugs and industrial traitors.

French tanks, designed for the Nazis, should be made our Targets for To-night.

A JOHN BULL reader suggests that the headgear of coal mines should be our aerial dare-devils' Target for To-day. A good suggestion, for without coal there can be no war industry.

Oil the Wheels

Above all, we must speed the wheels of our own industry.

They must revolve faster than ever before. For the Allies' needs are greater than ever—and the wheels of American industry are only just beginning to turn.

Fat Figures

Uncle Sam hopes to provide 125,000 aircraft by the end of 1943—including 25,000 long-range bombers.

Early next year, 100 tanks a day should roll from his factories instead of the 40 originally expected.

But plans can develop unexpected hitches; the Soviet Union as well as Britain must be rearmed; the U.S.A. may require huge quantities of arms for her own use.

Essence of Victory

Thus we can best ensure our safety by concentrating on our war production—and by concentrating more peace time industries to release men and women for war work.

We must see that those workers are kept busy, that no factories are on short time.

Cabinet Reshuffle

There are still too many gaps in our organisation. The people of this country are bitterly aware of them.

JOHN BULL's postbag provides a mass of evidence that the people are uneasy at the bottlenecks and muddle in production and the criminal waste of manpower, material and money.

The Prime Minister is aware of that feeling. And the Cabinet is to be reshuffled in consequence.

First-Hand Witnesses

On those changes, JOHN BULL will reserve judgment. Let us see how they work out before we criticise them!

But this much can be said without prejudice: Our Ministers should talk less *to* the people and more *with* them.

They should talk with the workers when they visit the factories. That would produce a better war effort than waving the invasion bogy out of term.

Short Sight

Nor should the Government be deaf to the serious criticism of well-informed friends.

Lately, grave criticism has been levelled against the British buying mission in the United States.

American experts say that fewer of our airmen would have died if we had ordered Flying Fortresses in great numbers when those giant machines were first offered to us.

Object Lesson

Such criticism does not merely accuse us of short-sightedness in the past. It prompts us to be far-sighted in our present plans for the future.

In all our plans we should balance the possibilities of to-morrow with our desire to obtain maximum results to-day.

Sudden spurts in production, sudden decisions, sudden changes—these hamper our war organisation and hinder our progress towards victory.

Now for It!

Allied resources are greater than those of the enemy. The valour of the front-line Russians and the endurance of the bombed British will prove more than a match for the desperate stubbornness of the enemy.

Our greatest need is a stable and complete organisation in strategy, production and sacrifice.

And we have the right to demand it.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

BRITAIN "muddled through" the last war. We seem to be fiddling through this one.

American manufacturers are indignant about it.

They say the 'planes they send us are mishandled. They complain that our Brasshats fiddle and tinker with the machines, waste hundreds of man-power hours in having them rebuilt.

Itch to Alter

British workers are saying much the same thing. They say hardly a day goes by without some change in the specifications of fighter 'planes they are building.

And you may remember an M.P.'s charge that 5,000 alterations were made in the design of a tank while it was actually in course of production.

Hold-Up

Certainly improvements are useful if they make our machines superior to those of the enemy.

It is equally certain that hundreds of fiddling alterations are not improvements, but just hindrances to production.

Either our officials cannot leave well alone or they are intent on justifying their positions.

Super Streamline

Incidentally, we'd like to know why a railway company has been able to spend metal and labour on building a "super streamline" locomotive for war time passenger travel.

We thought there was a demand for tanks, tanks, and still more tanks.

Joy Riders

Meanwhile, the waste of petrol goes on.

Many Civil Servants have been evacuated to Hertfordshire. Some of them live within a few minutes of the station, and there are good services to the town where their offices are situated.

But they are picked up by official cars, morning and evening.

No Petrol, No Coal

Yet, as you know, local petrol officers hold up aerodrome construction by refusing petrol supplies to the contractors.

A coal merchant tells us that his new petrol ration will force him to take two days' holiday a week. So some customers will have to shiver this winter.

No Thoroughfare

No doubt much petrol is used by the lorries that take builders to the site of a new munitions works in Wales.

The journey is nearly thirty miles, and the men arrive an hour and a half late each morning.

There is a short cut—but the lorries can't go that way because it is private property.

Somebody evidently needs reminding that the war isn't being fought to maintain privilege.

She's Waiting

Some times, however, we doubt if there is a war on.

Thirteen months ago a Co. Durham woman volunteered for war work. She's still waiting.

Her employment exchange manager explains that she hasn't been found a job because of her height and weight.

Well, she weighs 10 st. odd and is 5 ft. 7 in. tall. So the manager had better think up another excuse.

Sacked

That reminds us of twenty girls who, after six months' work in a Scottish aircraft factory, have just been sacked because of "reorganisation."

Of course, they hurried along to the employment exchange. But they're still idle.

Ticking Over

Idleness is also said to be common in civilian establishments run by the Air Ministry, whose courteous officials will, no doubt, get busy on the subject.

One man complains: "It is more than a year since I was posted to an aerodrome, and in that time I haven't done a month's work—like hundreds of other fitters."

Wingless Soldier

Hundreds of pilots for the R.A.F. could undoubtedly be found in the ranks of the Army.

Not unusual is the case of a soldier who was accepted for transfer to the R.A.F. nine months ago, was selected as a pilot, but is still in an Army office.

And JOHN BULL is still awaiting that mighty "comb-out" that the Army has so often promised.

On the Shelf

Similarly, there is discontent among men of the Army Educational Corps at the way their talents are wasted.

With the increasing size of the Army, there is need for instructors in subjects ranging from gas to gunnery.

Such teaching has to be left to the ordinary troop or section sergeant, good at drill and discipline, but rarely able to hold the men's interest in more difficult subjects.

Social Secretaries

Meanwhile, the trained teachers of the A.E.C. are kept on welfare work that any intelligent subaltern could handle.

Give them a course on modern weapons and they'd know how to teach others.

This Really Happened

Of course, professional men have always been eyed askance by Col. Blimp. Hence the credibility of this recent episode:

An engineer was called up, interviewed by an officer who asked: "What's the meaning of B.Sc. after your name?"

"Bachelor of Science," said the engineer.

"Oh! Have you the School Leaving Certificate?"

This Age of Adventure

Across continents and oceans, spirited boys and hard-bitten veterans have come to Britain to swell the Free French forces.

They helped themselves on the way by 'planes stolen from the enemy, by fishing smacks and goods trains.

But, on arrival here, they were tempted to wonder if it had been worth the trouble.

Marooned

Some two hundred of them found themselves "lost" in a reception centre near London. The food was good, but they complained of poor living conditions.

And some of them were forsaken for months.

JOHN BULL made enquiries. That was sufficient.

The camp was cleared up in a hurry, the men moved to better quarters. So now they're happy, and so are we.

Enough Said

We congratulate the authorities on that quick action. And we are glad to report to you—you readers who provide us with so much public-spirited information—that it is not unusual for us to get reforms effected without having to make our criticism public.

So continue to write to JOHN BULL about it!

Black Diamonds

A big "black market" in diamonds has sprung up. Rich hoarders have been buying them as a hedge against the possibility of inflation.

The Government has issued a reminder that it wants at least 75 per cent. of diamonds exported to obtain foreign currency.

Quite. But why issue hints instead of orders?

Wasting Paper

On the other hand, some official orders are merely made to be laughed at—for example, the recently published Statutory Rules and Orders, 1941, No. 1219.

This ten-page fatuity applies to motor-cars brought into Britain by visitors from such countries as Italy, Belgium, France and Spain.

Check to Cheques

Mr. Justice Uthwatt has granted a labourer an injunction to restrain the Bucks County Council from paying wages by cheque.

So, at last, the end of a long JOHN BULL campaign is in sight—a campaign against a rotten system that compelled many roadmen's families to get into debt.

Food for Workers

In another campaign, our hands are linked with the powerful ones of Mr. Bevin. He, and we, want to see decent shopping facilities provided for war workers.

Case in point is a woman of fifty-three who threw up her job to enter a munitions factory, from which she has been sacked for going home at 5.30.

But, as she lives alone and the shops close at six, she just had to leave early or starve.

Pilots' Pleasure

It should be possible, also, to enable pilots to enjoy themselves on their nights-off from bombing.

To reach the nearest town, which may be twenty miles away, they have to pay 1s 6d. a mile in taxi fares. It makes almost as big a hole in Service pay as a bomb on Berlin.

Notice to Quit

In a Hampshire village is a large house that its owner gave two years ago as a school for evacuated children. For the last year it has also served as a club for fifty lads who spend week-ends away from home.

Now, after spending thousands of pounds on reconditioning another house, the Fire Service has taken a fancy to the school-club premises.

So the youngsters are being moved to a village-hall, from which Home Guard, A.R.P. and Red Cross workers are being evicted.

On page 10 you will find further examples of the new autocracy that is officially described as the Fire Service.

Thrillers, Please

The Western Brothers are kindly cads. They tell us that the boys in Service hospitals have an insatiable appetite for "Western" books and magazines, and we hope you'll kindly take the hint.

Send your parcels of thrillers to the Red Cross and St. John Library, 48, Queen's Gardens, London, W.2.

Stamps Pay

One last hint: Used postage stamps can pay for sick kiddies' treatment if you send them to the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London, E.2.

Behind the News

● **King Michael of Rumania has upset Nazi plans by refusing to marry a Nordic princess. He spends his time instead with an armament king's daughter.**

● *New Goebbels campaign is designed to reassure Germans about losses on the Russian front, where more Germans have already been killed than in two years of the last war.*

● In material losses there, Hitler has sacrificed a year and a half of the national output.

● **President Roosevelt's "shooting has begun" is worth ten years' British output of ships or £3,000,000,000 in money.**

● *Knowing Germany's desperate need for help, Ciano renewed Italy's claims against France when he met Hitler recently—and dug in his toes on other matters.*

● More than 60 per cent. of German winter relief fund is being paid back to its subscribers owing to the terrific army losses and general poverty.

● **Because President Roosevelt learned of plan to crush all religions, drastic purge is likely in high Nazi circles.**

● *Four Nazi generals have already been as mysteriously killed as was von Fritsch in Poland—maybe because they failed to take Moscow and Leningrad.*

● **Arab rulers in Middle East are combining to offer the Allies a huge labour force, desert guerilla fighters and camel regiments.**

● **Branch of Nazi Aero Bank has been opened in Paris to exploit French aircraft factories and build new ones.**

● *But Germans are uneasy about French 'planes and tanks they are already receiving. Many 'planes have crashed during trials, tanks broke down before reaching Russian front.*

● **Nazi mission to French tropical island of Madagascar is headed by the son of Ludendorff's chief of staff—ostensibly to arrange transfer of European Jews to the isle. More likely, strategic possibilities are being discussed.**

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

STOP THIS FIDDLING!

IT may seem trite to recall Nero's fiddling while Rome burned, but millions of us are fiddling still with all the world in flames.

Were the church bells to sound the warning of German invasion, the whole nation would answer their clarion call and fight to the last ditch.

But large numbers of the people will do no more fighting *now* than they are compelled to do. Mad as Nero, they fiddle on an island in a sea of fire.

Heaven forbid that we should underrate the loyalty of our own folk: their valiant cheerfulness in toil; their splendid courage under bombardment.

Yet, with the gigantic Nazi military machine whirling us ever nearer to the supreme crisis of our history, it remains a fact that large numbers seem indifferent to our present peril, and that few of us are facing it with the stern realism it demands.

Sir John Anderson has given the country a mild warning that, in order to win the war, the civilian population will have to put up with "further inconveniences *and even hardship!*"

The italics are ours, for we should like to know how many people there are to-day cheerfully prepared to forgo their comforts and their luxuries, let alone to make great sacrifices.

Reasonable relaxation of body and mind there must be, even in the midst of total war, but can any of us pretend that this country is being *reasonable* in its pleasures to-day?

JOHN BULL is sick of the hypocrisy which stretches this human need to cover orgies of amusement and riots of greedy extravagance.

We dare to say that the public conscience is already roused against the monstrous incongruity of crowded race meetings and thronged sports grounds.

We are no kill-joys, but, in these desperate days, it is better to make bombs than betting books; better to have idle bloodstock than idle hands. The horses will keep until the Four Horsemen ride no more; the dogs will keep until the Nazi wolves are muzzled.

The ranks of private cars parked in their thousands for the big "sporting" events—racing, dog racing, football and boxing matches—are an insult to the ranks of our fighting men. Every drop of petrol they consume has been bought with the blood of British seamen.

JOHN BULL holds that the Government should stop racing forthwith. Nor should it hesitate to discourage, or even to forbid, any other form of professional sport, including football and boxing, if it should be found to impede the national war effort.

THERE are pleasure motorists who have the audacity to complain of their scanty rations.

We tell them bluntly that to use a car at all, except for honest and needful purposes, is an abuse of privilege and a betrayal of trust.

More than that; JOHN BULL would like to see the Board of Trade so tighten up its control of private motoring as to put every proved petrol waster off the roads for duration and every proved petrol stealer into jail.

But in this matter of petrol, as in so many others, the Government's utmost efforts to secure fair rationing will be frustrated unless and until ordinary men and women are ready and willing to ration themselves.

To-day—and we may as well face it—great numbers of people are trying to get round every rationing order. That is why the honest attempt to distribute clothing equally among the population has resulted in administrative and economic chaos.

Orgies—there is no other word for it—of spending were indulged in by many women directly clothes rationing began. They seemed to think it a matter of life and death to use up their coupons—and often their husbands'—as quickly as possible.

Naturally, the merchants in the black markets were quick to "cash in," and feminine vanity and greed made the risk handsomely worth while to these public enemies.

Women love clothes, and there is no harm in that. The extreme gravity of this situation lies in the fact that so many of them can't or won't realise that stringent economy has become a national duty.

Our wives and daughters looked no less charming before the sadly impermanent "perm" was invented, but the hairdressing salons and the beauty parlours and the cosmetic shops are still employing thousands of assistants to meet a purely luxury demand.

This is a small thing in itself, but it entails a waste of potential war workers and a waste of money that is of serious consequence to the national effort.

Men are quite as greedy and quite as blind to the desperate urgency of these times as any woman can be. They may be less tempted to spend money on clothing, but they are grossly self-indulgent in other ways.

While the smoke rises from the scorched earth of Russia, the smoke that rises from our pipes and cigarettes is costing more than 350 million pounds a year, though every ounce of tobacco has to be brought from overseas.

The tobacco manufacturers themselves have urged smokers to cut down their consumption. We leave our readers to consider how many of the public have answered their appeal.

The national drink bill is vaster still. JOHN BULL does not suggest that we should become a nation of teetotalers and non-smokers, but it does assert emphatically that there is imperative need for moderation in both drinking and smoking.

Again: there is far too much dining out in the West End of London and similar pleasure centres in other cities.

We know that many frequenters of restaurants and dance halls are workers snatching a night's respite from exacting tasks.

But we also know, and so do all of you, that there is a big element in the population of people who, as yet almost untouched by the war, are eager to satisfy their gross and selfish appetites and "damn the consequences."

SO it goes on. The plain truth is, as the deputation of Canadian journalists recently visiting this country have since asserted, that the Nazi hordes will not be halted and overcome until *everybody* in these islands—and across the Atlantic—faces greater sacrifices than they are doing at present.

We *must* resolve to live more sparingly; to eat less, drink less, smoke less and spend less, and to make do with simple pleasures.

If we do not so resolve, then we shall either lose the war or force upon ourselves a sterner compulsion than we have ever known before.

JOHN BULL, in peace time the staunchest advocate of individual freedom and the foremost champion of the people's right to comfort and to pleasure as well as to work, will not hesitate to support the Government in any legislation that may become necessary to ensure victory.

The choice is still ours, but freedom itself does not admit the right to fiddle amid the advancing flames.

Nazis Can't Drown Thunder of the Presses

ALONG one of those steep, twisted by-ways peculiar to the Montmartre quarter of Paris there is a dingy doorway with a gay sign over its glass top. In the old days you sat here and sipped absinthe, while an accordion band made the night gay. Even when the Germans took over it remained lively.

* * *

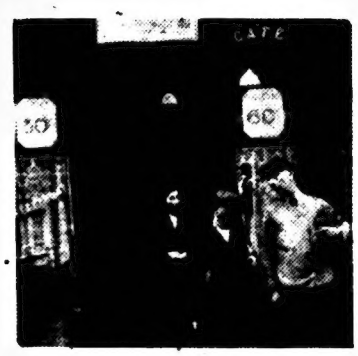
But recently the *Gestapo* called. They came in force, and were obviously after something big.

All they found was one of the patrons carrying a copy of *Pantagruel*, Paris' secret paper which spreads B.B.C. news. They expected to find the editor and printer!

The identity of the editor remains a mystery. How it is printed is even more obscure. But copies appear unfailingly, slip from hand to hand in the thronged streets, raise a derisive chuckle in shuttered back rooms, and fan the flame which has never really died in France.

Pantagruel is only one of many underground newspapers which are keeping alive the old ideals of freedom in occupied Europe. Small coteries of writers are risking worse than death to produce them.

Glos Polski, for instance, has been stamped out many times,



Cafés like this were familiar to Paris visitors before the Huns came. Now they serve another purpose.

according to the Germans. That means another man convicted of aiding the paper, another man gone to the concentration camp, or worse.

* * *

But *Glos Polski* continues to appear. In English, it means the Voice of Poland.

Pocket sized, with pictures and generous headlines, the last copy I saw had a picture of Mr. Churchill visiting Polish camps in the North of England.

Working hand in glove with *Glos Polski* is another secret newssheet—*Wokso i Niepodleglosc*—otherwise, *Army and Independence*.

Norway's free paper goes by number, not name. The English equivalent is 47, but there appears to be no special reason for selecting that instead of any other number.

It is published at odd times—a will-o'-the-wisp affair.

* * *

In Belgium the famous *La Libre Belgique* has been revived.

In the last war the German Governor-General, Baron von Bissing, grew progressively more furious as day after day a copy appeared on his own private desk!

The Free Dutch newspaper *Vrij Nederland* has given details of a secret news-sheet circulating in Holland. It bears the imprint: "Netherlanders—caution in circulating this, as the *Gestapo* and spies are very active now. . . ."

Czechoslovakia has secret copies of the banned newspaper *Struggle*.

Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia have not yet, apparently, been able to join the underground newsstand, but there are writers in each country capable of finding a way round the most rigid censorship.

Meanwhile, the Italians are getting worried by underground pamphleteers.

It is all part of the growing revolt against the tyranny of the Nazis.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Ponder well the case of Mrs. Mary Allington, who lived at Romford.

Mrs. Allington is dead. The coroner's verdict is that she killed herself. My verdict is that she was strangled by Red-Tape.

Her husband was called up. She tried to keep herself and two children on 38s. a week, out of which 25s. went in rent and rates.

She applied for a war service grant. Form after form arrived for her, until she had a dozen of them.

Neighbours found her crying in despair. The worry imposed by a vexatious officialdom was too much for a woman in ill-health. And Mary Allington's children are now motherless.

A Whitehall spokesman has denied that there is undue delay—"seldom more than three weeks"—in dealing with applications for extra grants.

Social workers deny that denial. So do I.

I have told of harassed mothers who have waited five and six months for a grant—and then have received a curt refusal.

An Army welfare officer has indeed declared with fine sarcasm that the delay in dealing with claims causes graver hardship than the few extra shillings that may eventually be granted.

Suppose, as he says, that a soldier in Yorkshire fills up the application form. It is sent to a paymaster, probably in London, then to your Ministry's office in Lancashire.

From there it goes for investigation to an assistance board where the wife lives, then back to your Ministry.

The only people who should be concerned are the wife and the local board who checks up her needs.

But, of course, work must be found for useless officials, the anxiety of the new-poor must be deepened into desperation.

Something else must be done—that desperation should be relieved lest there be more women driven to death. Here is your opportunity.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord BEAVERBROOK, Minister of Supply

MY LORD,—"Still more production," you shout. But some of your assistants are deaf.

A new high record for guns was put up by one ordnance factory in September. Last month its quota was reduced to two-thirds, so men are filling up their time by making tools for their own kit.

Knowing you, I guess this will make you hopping mad. And then production will go up again!—JOHN BULL.

ENFIELD COUNCILLORS

SIRS,—Eleven A.R.P. rescue men have been dismissed.

They say they have brought their grievances to official notice, month after month, in vain.

One complaint is that, though they work a twenty-four-hour shift, they are provided with only one scanty meal.

The climax came when they were served with enough for only eight men. They tossed up to see who should eat and who should go hungry.

Then, in their indignation, they refused to obey an order. They were dismissed.

That is their story. My request for an official version of the affair has been refused. Perhaps you will order a thorough investigation.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. BRENDAN BRACKEN, M.P., Minister of Information

DEAR SIR,—Little has been heard of Nazi rule in the Channel Islands since a year ago, when the procureur for Guernsey made his strange "everything-in-the-garden-is-lovely" speech over the German radio.

The Ministry of Information should give a little information on the matter, if only for the sake of people whose relatives are still in the Islands.—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR OF TRAINING, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—"A farce, a waste of time and money, a happy hunting-ground for hosts of officials."

That is how one man describes a training centre at which there are a manager, three under-managers, three chief instructors, and six assistant chief instructors who do not instruct, and 130 instructors who teach men how to file scraps of metal that are then thrown away.

Says a man at another training centre, "The instructors just sit together, smoking and talking."

And when the trainees have finished their course they are usually told by the employment exchange that no jobs can be found for them!

You may be satisfied with your mammoth organisation of white elephants. You alone!—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Twenty Essex women, whose husbands are serving abroad and who have themselves registered for war work, have sent a round-robin to a commanding officer in their district.

They want to know why young unmarried soldiers are retained on clerical duties.

They are not the only ones who want to know. I wish them better luck than I have received when bringing similar criticisms to your notice—but I wager that fit young men will still be kept bored as clerks in uniform.—JOHN BULL.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT, Royal Blind Asylum, Edinburgh

GENTLEMEN,—It should not have been necessary for you to order, "No blind employees shall fire-watch."

It was necessary because some of them had been fire-watching, including a blind man with one leg and another blind man who was also stone deaf.

Dangerously unwise of them, I agree. But what grand spirit they showed!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID MARGESSON, M.P., Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—Fourteen weeks after their only son had been killed in action in the Middle East, a Somerset couple received the news from the War Office. All that time they had been writing to him, thinking him to be safe and well.

Why were they subjected to that shocking delay?—JOHN BULL.

PETROLEUM OFFICER, Essex

SIR,—A boarding-house advertisement offers "Extreme comfort and warmth, no military objectives, no sirens, private car to Chelmsford (twenty-five miles) each day."

You must be very liberal in your petrol allowances—a long way too liberal in time of war.—JOHN BULL.

Major E. HAMMOND FOOT, Beaconsfield, Bucks

SIR,—Don't bother to send me any more four-page apologies for Hitlerism, which are as near-seditious as dammit.

But I should like to know how you get the paper to print such abominable rubbish. And I hope the Home Secretary will keep an eye upon you.—JOHN BULL.

MILITARY AUTHORITIES, Manchester

DEAR SIRS,—I'm always demanding realism, but I think you carried realism unnecessarily far in your recent manœuvres.

A man was suddenly taken ill. Request for an ambulance was met by the response that the ambulance had been "captured" by the "enemy," and the unfortunate man was left in pain for six hours before removal to hospital.

You know, he might have died in that time.—JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH TREASURER, Leyton, London

DEAR SIR,—Some soldiers' wives and others hard hit by war find it difficult to pay their electricity bills promptly. You do not make it easier for them by insisting on an extra payment of £2—a deposit—just because they are a few weeks late in meeting their accounts.

Hasn't that point of view occurred to you?—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Has Life Any Mystery?

IN the vast limitless space—if so material a term may be applied to something infinite—there may be a finer, nobler conception of life and living. I don't know.

I neither believe nor disbelieve that after this mortal, sin-stained life of ours we are given an opportunity to mould ourselves into beings worthy of the Great Eternal Plan.

But I do know there are people who do believe in the universal, all-embracing existence which pursues the ways of spiritual harmony.

I envy them their faith in the ultimate and beautiful heritage of man beyond the grave.

From the other world in which they believe, there comes to them moral and spiritual guidance. The messages they receive are symbolic of the Light and Beauty which, according to the believers, surround those who have passed on.

* * *

I have just read one such message. It came from Silver Birch, the guide, who, through a medium, said:

The cause of your wars, bloodshed, misery, sickness, practically all of them, is due to the fact that the secret of life eludes millions who do not know that they are eternal spiritual beings here and now; that they are not bodies only, but they are spirits expressing themselves through the body: that they are placed in a world of matter to grow and to develop that soul which will fit them for their real home which begins from the moment the Angel of Death taps them on the shoulder and says: "Come hither."

It is difficult to reconcile that message with the cause of this present war, this bloody upheaval which has transformed the world into a planet of misery, hatred, suffering, hunger, fear, destruction and death.

* * *

And yet is it so difficult?

For the secret of life, as I read it, is no secret at all. It is Service—service for one's fellows, service which, however small, shall yet help to save the world from avarice and selfishness, hypocrisy and lustful pride.

The cause of this war is material. Its issues are not. They are issues concerning our spiritual lives as well as our bodily ones.

Whatever secret of life has been revealed to those who move in super-natural spheres, it can be no higher, according to the limitations of our puny minds, than the teachings of the Great Master who uttered the Sermon on the Mount.

The shining beauty of His words is dimmed; the simple truths He spoke are half-hidden; the spiritual guidance He gave is not followed.

He told us the secret of Life—brotherhood, charity, service, goodness beauty in thought and deed.

If, after the war, when the evil that overshadows us is swept away and the light of liberty burns brightly again, the world succeeds in translating into action only a part of the Secret of Life, the struggle will have been worth while.

★ "The Empire on Which the Sun Never Sets" had become history book jargon. Now it has been given a vivid new meaning. When darkness stops the training of R.A.F. pilots here, others—thousands—are learning to fly somewhere in the sun

The Empire Spreads Its Wings

By CARL OLSSON

ON the plains of Saxony, of Bavaria, Thuringia, Silesia, and on the dune fringes of the Baltic Coast, where the *Luftwaffe* trains its new pilots and air crews, it will soon be dark at 4 p.m. and still dark at 8 a.m. Too dark, anyway, for training flights.

From one end of Northern Europe to the other there will be a scant eight hours' daylight, and during a lot of that there will be snow, or rain, or fog, and wintry gales—"non-flying" weather for any but experienced pilots.

But somewhere over the rest of the earth, during every hour of the twenty-four, there will be thousands of airmen training for the R.A.F.

Safe from Interruption

When night shuts down on the training 'dromes in English counties the flying day will be just beginning for countless lads from Edinburgh and Glasgow, London and Leeds and Wigan, at airfields in Western Canada and on sun-baked 'dromes in California.

When winter fogs cut down the already restricted flying distances in these islands, it will be high summer over the Australian schools which turn out pilots for the R.A.F., and endless leagues of clear, dry weather for practice flying over Canada, far from the interruptions of scattered enemy raiders.

There, in a few words, is one aspect of the Empire Air Training Scheme which is seldom brought out.

But it is important.

Perhaps the most important of all. For these facilities which the Empire affords for "round the clock" and all-the-year-round flying training definitely give us the edge over the *Luftwaffe*.

Air crews are the "bottleneck" in any Air Force. Aircraft can be made far more quickly than men trained to fly in them.

Man-power—the raw material of airmen—is something. There, with the men of the Empire, we are equal to the Germans. But those twenty-four hours a day are *everything*. We can use them and the Germans cannot.

The First Waves

The other day the King inspected a recently arrived contingent under the Empire Air Training Scheme.

Two years ago the Air Minister promised that the flow of trained men would be "first a trickle, then a stream, then a river."

The men the King saw are the first waves of what is already the mighty tide of men. The Scheme is actually *ten months in front of schedule*, and is producing more than 25,000 flying personnel a year—enough to man 10,000 fighters and 4,000 modern bombers.

Among the men on the parade-ground were Americans for the famed Eagle Squadrons of the R.A.F., and American officers in their own uniforms who have come here to act as military observers and study actual operations with our squadrons.

And there were men from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Burma. And, besides these, scores of young Britons who have been trained in those countries and the United States.

As a sample of the process through which the men go, consider the case of young Sergeant George Kentish, of Nottingham.

One drizzly day last December he walked into a recruiting office in the Midlands and volunteered for the R.A.F. He was a clerk in a silk stocking factory, and in all his life he had never been more than ten miles away from his home town.

A few weeks ago he came home again, flying a brand-new bomber across the Atlantic.

And in between he has seen quite a lot of the world.

He told me that there was only one thing he wanted to see next, and that was Germany through the Perspex window of a Wellington or through a bomb-sight.

Slammed a Few Down

The other day I had a letter from him telling me he'd got his wish. He had been on the last big raid over South Germany, and "had slammed a few down into Hitler's old haunts."

George went out on a troopship with a few hundred other recruits to Canada. First he went to the great Manning Pool at Toronto, where with men from all over the Empire he passed through a preliminary grading for flying duties.

Now I ought to mention that George was always a bit of a film fan, to whom Hollywood was probably the most important place on this earth, but a place he could only read about.

And where do you think they sent George for his elementary flying training? They sent him to Hollywood!

With a batch of one hundred other R.A.F. trainees George came to a place called Glendale, near Hollywood.

And not content with providing George with a free trip to his earthly paradise, they put in a little of the atmosphere for good measure.

For their billet was once a gangster's night spot called the Airports Gardens Club, because it had airfields all round it.

It was still complete with secret doors and an elaborate swimming pool.

Through the Mill

But the roulette and faro tables were slung out to make room for bunks for the R.A.F. boys, and where the cabaret performed was now a lecture-room.

Here for some months George and his friends went through the mill at the hands of hard-boiled U.S. flying instructors.

Days were spent in flying through the Californian sunshine over the airfield or over the beaches thronged with Hollywood stars, and in lectures by R.A.F. instructors on the arts of flying, air tactics, gunnery, bombing, navigation, and kindred subjects.

But don't think that a paternal Air Ministry merely provided George and his comrades with a pleasure jaunt.

They worked hard—darned hard.

There is a lot of daylight in California, and most of it was used up every day in flying, drill, organised games, or gruelling lecture courses in outdoor classrooms.

The nearest George got to seeing a cinema star was from 1,000 ft. up. But he didn't mind that. He was breathing the same air.

From California they went to another place which millionaires use as a playground.

They went to Florida.

R.A.F. pilots in California, where George realised his dream of seeing film stars in Hollywood

Here, by the banks of the Swanee River, George learned how to become an efficient bomber pilot. Up at 5.30 a.m., breakfast, and then flying from 7 a.m. till 11 a.m.

All the morning he practised attack formations or bombed targets anchored out in the blue Gulf Stream. Afternoons were spent in more lectures, "blind flying" exercise on the Link trainer, more drill, examinations, and so forth, until the swift tropical twilight ended the day.

And here in Florida, 3,000 miles from home, George got his "wings."

Cross-stitch for Luck

On the day his "class" got their wings they celebrated with a spree at a famous Florida seaside resort, and an American girl sewed them on his tunic for him.

She was a "ten cents a dance" girl at a local hall.

George bought a roll of tickets to dance with her, but asked her to sew on the wings instead. She did, putting in cross-stitching for luck, and gave him his dances all the same.

From Florida he flew by stages back to Canada, and now, a full-fledged pilot, he and some of his friends found a brand-new bomber for which a ferry crew was wanted.

That was luck, said George, referring to this chance of a transatlantic flight a few weeks after getting his wings. But, said he, it was "good experience, too."

Well, that's George.

Think of the thousands like him, streaming out of more than one hundred schools in the Western World to smash the *Luftwaffe* and give Germany "the works."

It has just been announced that Canada is spending £130,000,000 in the first three years of this war on the Empire Air Training Scheme.

And of all the money spent in this war, there never was money better spent.

Human Machine

LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR BRAIN!

● **If you were buying a car there are one or two essential questions you would want answered.**

You would want to know how many miles it would do to the gallon, how fast it would go, how much oil it consumed, and so on.

You would want, in fact, a kind of certificate of efficiency. What is more, you would get it.

Now, you and the rest of us are in possession of a much more intricate, delicate, and wonderful piece of machinery than any other ever invented. But suppose someone asked us for this kind of certificate of efficiency about ourselves?

Do we have the least idea whether we are getting the last ounce of energy out of our own personal machine, or whether we are wasting half of it whenever we do a job?

You should start working out your own certificate of efficiency right away. It's the only way to find out the weaknesses—and the strong points.

Here's a little test, for instance: Can you switch your brain on and off as you would an electric light? Can you tackle subject "A" with all your might, and then turn to subject "B" with equal zest and interest?

If you can't, then your brain hasn't even learned the elementary lesson of obedience to your commands!

If it hasn't, start teaching it right away. Teach it obedience by making it learn the habit of concentration.

That's the solid foundation on which all the rest must be built. Once you've taught it that, you can teach it anything.

For Old and Young

HAVE you seen on page 15 the announcement of JOHN BULL'S *great new book opportunity for its readers! Just the thing for the winter, Christmas-time and black-out evenings. It is "The Complete Home Entertainer," containing 1,000 games, pastimes and songs. Here's entertainment for everyone from eight to eighty.*

THE TORCH OF DEMOC

Infamous though the designs of the Hitler gangsters have long been shown to be, even more sinister lines of the blueprint are now being revealed; and the call to the forces of freedom is sounding ever more urgently

Says A. G. GARDINER

AMERICA, in the words of President Roosevelt, has "taken her battle stations." The stage is set for the climax of this war for the soul of the world. It is a fitting moment to remind ourselves of what is at stake.

"This nation cannot endure half slave and half free," said Lincoln, eighty years ago. He fought the Civil War in order that freedom and democracy "should not perish from the earth." And he won.

TO-DAY, THE SAME ISSUE IS RAISED. IT IS RAISED ON A VASTER STAGE. IT IS NO LONGER A QUESTION WHETHER A SINGLE NATION SHALL BE SLAVE OR FREE. IT IS A QUESTION WHETHER THE WHOLE WORLD IS TO BE SLAVE OR FREE.

"For the plan of the Nazis now appears in its true light," says President Roosevelt in extracts, being published in the *Daily Herald*, of notes he has written to accompany publication of his State Papers.

That plan, he says, is "to dominate the entire world not only physically but ideologically."

Democracy as an institution and a way of life is to perish from the earth. Not one nation only, nor one continent only is to be enslaved; but all nations and every continent.

A "master race" is to rule the globe from pole to pole, and all other races are to become its hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Exalted above this master race is the despot of the earth, who will rule the whirlwind and direct the storm.

His word will be the only law of mankind. His voice will be the voice, not of a man, but of a god. Through his Gestapo, his decrees will be issued to the ends of the earth, and executed in the terms of the concentration camp and the firing squad.

No other god will be tolerated but he. For not only is "government of the people, by the people, for the people," to be abolished, but the spiritual life of mankind is to be extinguished, too.

No religion is to be allowed to challenge the worship of Adolf Hitler. As President Roosevelt disclosed in his speech last week, the Nazi plan provides for the universal suppression of all religions and all Churches, and the substitution of "Mein Kampf" for all the Gospels of mankind—Christian, Moslem, Buddhist and the rest.

When the plan is accomplished the world will have peace—a peace, we are told, that will last for a thousand years.

For, as Hitler has said, all talk of peace is nonsense until one man has made himself conqueror of the earth. Then there will be peace. Yes, the peace of death.

Now, stated thus baldly, the Nazi plan sounds like the ravings of Bedlam. It is this fact which largely explains its success. The scheme was so insane and so silly that the plain mind of mankind dismissed it as idle blather. It was all implicit in "Mein Kampf," but it was none the less incredible on that account.

And so the plot developed. "One by one" the nations were crushed, and with the whole continent of Europe under his heel, Hitler's frenzied dream of universal empire has become the grim peril that darkens the world to-day.

But it would not have become so formidable a menace if the Satanism that inspired it had not been implemented by a gangster genius unparalleled in the history of human crime.

The more the blue-print of Hitler's conspiracy is revealed the more appalled the mind is by the vastness of its scope and the diabolical cunning of its methods.

TAKE the foundation of its structure. It is roughly this: The source of power in the modern world is the machine. Science has invented a monster that can either serve mankind or enslave mankind.

To get unchallenged control of that monster is to get unchallenged mastery of the world. Hitler has set out to do this.

HIS AIM, HAVING CONQUERED EUROPE, IS TO CONCENTRATE ALL MECHANICAL POWER IN THE HANDS OF THE GERMAN RACE.

Germany is to be the only country on the Continent to manufacture steel, engines, war instruments, motor-cars, to own chemical plants or research laboratories.

In the words of the *Schwarze Korps*, the organ of Hitler's bodyguard, "We don't want even the tradition of heavy industry, of mechanical engineering and of chemical research, to survive outside of Germany."

Sole master of the machine, Germany would be the indestructible master of Europe. Under the lash of the Gestapo the slave peoples will be exploited to supply the cheap labour, the cheap food and the necessary drudgery for the German master.

And, with this monopoly of the industrial and mechanical power of Europe, the conquest of the rest of the world will proceed "according to plan."

That is the programme. The extent to which it has been carried out needs no comment. Hitler is well ahead in time of the map of conquest he drew up in 1936.

But that is due to the tragic blindness of the democratic world to what was afoot and to the peril it was in.

All that is changed. The "one by one" phase is over, and at long last the democratic world is a coherent whole, forged into a single weapon, aflame with a single purpose.

The last rags of "isolationism" are falling away from the American scene, and with the "all out" entry of the United States into the war, now no longer in doubt, the deadliest blow yet struck at the Nazi scheme of world conquest will be delivered.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHY PUBLISH CHANNEL WEATHER?

● A cynical Folkestone journalist, writing me months ago, asked this same question and answered it himself.

"Obviously, to spread confusion among the enemy," he said, "for often the reports so differ that a German looking out from Calais might not know whether it was raining."

When, after Dunkirk, invasion was feared, it was interesting, because you could then guess whether the Germans would be seasick or not.

To-day it is printed only by editors who have forgotten to cancel the order!

WHY DO ANZACS GET MORE?

● Australian soldiers got 7s. a day until last week. Then the new Labour Government raised it to 8s.!

Yet, even to-day, our own Tommies receive only 2s.!

Our scandalous figure is a hangover of the old 1s. a day, paid in the times when the Army was recruited from the unemployed, and soldiering in this country was despised.

Not until the Boer War were white soldiers specially recruited overseas—and even then they were treated on a footing much better than that accorded to those belonging to Britain.

As Australia has no Conscription except for home defence, she pays well for service abroad.

She is more democratic than we are.

Here, our "ruling class" talks glibly about the "duties" of citizens and little of their rights—and gets away with it.

WHY SO MANY AMERICAN STRIKES?

● American trade unionism is not like it is here.

In Britain, the struggle for higher wages has reached the stage of negotiation and argument. In the States, both sides recourse at times to the bludgeon.

While, in the States, the so-called skilled crafts were well protected by the American Federation of Labour years ago, there was, until the rise of John Lewis, a miner, often little organisation of the unskilled workers. These joined the miners in the Committee of Industrial Organisations, which became a rival of the A.F.L.

Here, trade unionism is beyond reproach in its honesty.

In the States, there are unions bossed by racketeers.

COULD A BRAINS TRUST HASTEN VICTORY?

● My questioner does not mean the one he hears on the air—that might almost start a new war—but "a panel of scientists, inventors and thinkers who, refusing to agree that we must go on making more planes, more tanks and more guns *ad infinitum*, could evolve new ideas for waging war."

To a degree, this is going on at present probably as much as it ever could. Lord Cherwell, Winston's pet scientist, is in charge of a lot of it.

Some people, however, seem to think that all you have to do to solve any problem is to lock all the experts up in a room. The truth is that they would quarrel quite as much as the ignorant people outside—more so, in fact, because they know longer words to throw about.

"Science" is largely a war between the old whiskered ones, who defend the worn-out theories of their youth, and the young ones. The latter now champion new ideas which they, in turn, will defend to the last ditch as they get older.

The British Association has at last formed committees of scientists to plan for the Future. But "the Future" is a long time.

War needs quick decisions. There are quite enough rows in Whitehall now, without the scientists.

CRACY

President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, grimly determined, are holding the torch high, and lighting up the darkest corners of the vile conspiracy

How deadly it is is evidenced by the panic with which Goebbels greets "the writing on the wall" and the frenzied insults to President Roosevelt.

And as this momentous happening takes place let us salute the great statesman whose patience and wisdom have piloted this mighty ally into the fighting line of democracy.

Nor in this connection should we forget how much is due to Mr. Churchill.

The restraint and circumspection he has shown in handling a situation of incredible anxiety and urgency have added to the vast sum of indebtedness that we owe to his shining genius.

NOW, with the A.B.C.D. (America, Britain, China, and Dutch East Indies) front consolidated, the cause of democracy can face the future with the assurance that soon or late it will hurl the Beast of Hitlerism back into the Abyss.

It holds the seas of the world.

It possesses the two greatest powerhouses in the world, which together can outbuild the enemy in all the weapons of war.

BEHIND IT IS THE GROWING FURY OF THAT OUTRAGED EUROPE, NOW HELD IN CHAINS BY THE BRUTAL GESTAPO, BUT WHICH HEAVES WITH THE FIRES OF A VOLCANO THAT WILL YET ENGULF ITS TYRANT.

With it is the still unbroken and dauntless front of the Russian army and the rigours of the Russian winter.

Hitlerism was triumphant while its shape was concealed by its cloak of lies and cunning.

It is concealed no longer. It is disclosed in all its horror as Nietzsche's Beast of Prey. And against that horror the embattled spirit of mankind will fight to the death and will prevail.

"There's another broken-down Army lorry," you say. Here, in this peep at a British motor-car-making city in war time, you are told why.

Scandals of Army Mechanisation

By MAURICE FAGENCE

ON my way to a city where thousands of Army vehicles are made every week, I stopped to see Army lorry drivers learning their jobs.

They use 12,000 gallons of petrol a month in that one training battalion.

By that vast expenditure of our national war resources they teach hairdressers, painters, labourers, clerks, warehousemen to drive Army lorries.

Just 72 per cent. of the men sent to them for training last month had never handled a driving-wheel in their lives.

Some of them, who had driven electric trolley-buses and farm tractors in civilian life, had been sent with the recommendation: "Should make a good instructor."

I want you to remember those facts as you stand with me at the gates of one of the biggest car and lorry-building works in the country.

A convoy of newly made lorries is moving off to the North of England.

They are light lorries. They are the type of lorry any reasonably good woman driver can drive.

We have, in fact, enlisted some thousands of women into that excellent body of women known as F.A.N.Y.s to deliver such lorries from factory to Service unit.

War Brings Them Soft Jobs

There isn't a woman in the convoy.

The timekeeper of the factory doesn't remember a woman arriving to take a lorry away.

The drivers are fit young men—ages from twenty to thirty. At least 95 per cent., I am assured, are strong, healthy, and of military age.

They are reserved. The Army is not for them.

Now why should the softest jobs they have ever had in their lives come to them in war time?

I'll tell you. There are many car and lorry-building firms in that town.

When they make a vehicle it is tested by C.I.M.T. —in other words, by officials of the Chief Inspector of Mechanical Transport.

Condemned, a vehicle is branded with a viciously red label.

Passed, it moves into a park to await convoy to one or other of the three Services.

It is now in the ownership of the Ministry of Supply. Does that Ministry proceed to deliver it to an aerodrome or any Army unit thirty miles away?

Does it hand it over to those competent and eager young women who have rushed into khaki keen to deliver light lorries, and thus free men to drive under fire?

Not on your life.

It has a list of firms that exist to deliver such vehicles at a profit.

It finds one that can accept three hundred light lorries for delivery to aerodrome X at ten the next morning.

Hundreds of young men, capable lorry drivers, who should be wearing uniforms and driving in convoy with their Army divisions, are hanging about the streets in the vicinity of its offices.

Reserved young men. They are too important to go into the Army—that Army that is using thousands of gallons of good petrol every month to teach non-drivers how to drive.

Three hundred are called out of the street.

They go to the factory where the three hundred light lorries are waiting.

And delivery begins.

Where Petrol Doesn't Matter

Let us examine the cash side of the business.

I stand beside a convoy that has to deliver lorries to an aerodrome 57½ miles away.

The tank of each lorry has been filled for its test. But some have been passed out as good jobs earlier than others.

Some, therefore, have ten gallons of petrol left in their tanks. Some a mere two.

That petrol has ceased to matter. Every tank is assumed to be empty. Do you remember, by the way, how I told you two weeks ago of the aerodrome that couldn't be completed because the nearest quarry had to stop work as it had only two gallons of petrol in stock?

Each young, fit man who has to take one of these lorries 57½ miles is given 12s. 6d. for his own fee, 12s. 6d. for his return journey, 12s. 6d. for petrol for the journey whether his tank is full or empty, and 5s. for insuring the car for the journey.

You may work out for yourself the cost of delivering such a lorry to the North of Scotland.

The point is that the delivery firm is allowed to add up the total cost—42s. 6d. for delivering a light lorry 57½ miles away—and add 33⅓ per cent. to the bill for its own profits.

Now, why should the Ministry of Supply feed profits to private firms that are withholding thousands of excellent potential soldiers from the Army?

And why should the help of thousands of eager young women drivers be scorned?

We will now examine what the Ministry of Supply thinks fit to call the *inspection* of these vehicles.

It is the view of men who have given years of their lives to examining this particular firm's products that many of the C.I.M.T. examiners know nothing at all about cars.

I was told of fourteen lorries that left for a Scottish address. All had been passed out as perfect.

Twelve had been brought back before they reached their destination.

Several of them had been exuding oil all the way from back axle and gearbox cases, the metal of those cases being porous!

The metal was tapped all over with a light hammer to seal the leaks temporarily. And back the lorries went on the road.

Lorries passed as perfect included vehicles with a chassis that had been inaccurately bored, with the result that the front axle wasn't parallel with the back axle.

In some cases the expedient had been tried of putting the back axle in wrongly to counteract the bad effects of a front axle that had been put in badly.

"Experts'" Appalling Ignorance

I was told of a whole flood of light lorries that had been pouring off one particular assembly line with a fault that the Government inspectors couldn't trace.

It didn't take a regular peace time tester of that firm a minute to decide what was wrong.

The cogs of the constant mesh gears were badly cut.

The excuse of the firm was: "The jig in the gear-cutter gets worn under the stress of war conditions. We can't afford the time to stop production."

But surely it is quicker and cheaper to make alterations to a gear-cutter than to tow in two hundred broken-down vehicles and send them back to the works for repair?

I spoke to one convoy leader who condemned 60 per cent. of the vehicles in his charge on reaching a point in mid-Scotland.

In peace time, he said, no responsible car manufacturer would put such faulty material on the market.

They do so to-day, unwillingly. It is due solely to a defective system of Government inspection.

Big jobs are held by wholly inefficient people—and men who have been a lifetime in motor-car manufacturing have to take orders from them.

One man who had to estimate the cost and time necessary to recondition American lorry engines damaged by sea-water solved the problem by calling in civilian experts.

One civilian was paid two guineas for the information that the cost of repairing a particular engine would be 18s. 9d.!

I spoke to employees at one motor manufacturing factory who had been urged to break all production records in a particular week.

They did—and next week had no spare parts to continue their job. They had cheated themselves out of a week's work.

Work was held up at a factory assembling motor-car trailers for the War Office because of the difficulty in getting a particular spare.

So the firm responsible for making that spare started to deliver one each day—sending each many miles in a special lorry.

And so costs mount—and as costs mount under the present iniquitous system of paying for service, so do profits.

Many things are wrong in the factories that are mechanising our Army to enable it to deal with the Nazi Goliath.

Better that we should put them right now. When the enemy is at our gates it will be too late.

WORST MUDDLE OF THE WAR

JOHN BULL'S was one of the first voices in the land to advocate a national fire-fighting service.

So I rejoiced when, under the stress of war, a National Fire Service was set up.

But in the form in which it has been launched it is riddled with injustices and inequalities.

Our nationalised firemen are paid according to twenty different scales.

If they are injured you have to find out their status before you know how to treat them.

If they joined up to beat Hitler, you do for them what you would do for any civilian who smuggled himself into the country *via* the London docks last week, and who happens to get injured by enemy action

You pay them for eight weeks (thirteen weeks if likely to recover in that period), discharge them, tell them to seek public assistance.

Not so with the pre-war fireman, whom we are not attacking; who, as I will show you later, gets an equally raw deal in some ways.

He is, however, paid more than the man who shares equal perils with him. He gets a higher scale of rations—although he is so angry about the unfairness of the whole business that he shares them with his war time comrade.

He gets paid for the whole period of his injury. And he is not told to seek public charity at the end of that period.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

Cheap Gratitude!

There are peace time firemen getting £4 7s. 6d. a week ten months after being injured.

There are war time firemen, injured by the same bomb, who get 39s. a week for themselves, their wives and their children thirteen weeks after—and then are consigned to the scrap-heap.

Here's an example:

X lay unconscious under blazing débris for nearly an hour.

The backs of his hands were burnt off. The main sinews of his arm were burnt through. Terrible burns to his back meant that he would never be able to do another day's work in his trade.

His mate had had his face burnt away—was still under the surgeon's knife nine months later.

In the hospital they went to, sick soldiers got special rations. These two men were denied them—because they weren't peace time firemen.

The soldiers, angered, shared their rations with them.

If these heroes die, 15s. 6d. a week for a childless widow; 8s. 6d. for a first child, 6s. 3d. for a second, 5s. for a third, with no provision of higher rates for officers.

If they are totally incapacitated they receive 42s. 6d. a week for wife and self!

Some men have done seventy hours duty out of seventy-two. Some have *averaged* 112 hours a week.

You have to see them on the job to know what "hours of duty" *can* mean.

Yet for a quite small offence they can be punished with dismissal, reduction in rank, a fine of £6 10s., or forty-eight hours additional duty.

Remember what I told you about their pay? Their ideal of a national £4 a week seems almost unattainable! Remember what I told you about their hours?

Then think. A £6 10s. fine. And forty-eight hours additional duty. And then laugh till you cry.

Oh, yes. They have been known to appeal against outright injustice.

They have been informed: "You are suspended till your appeal is heard. And your appeal will take a long, long time."

Travesty of Justice

Suspension means no pay. So they don't appeal. And they continue to put up with injustice.

This for the men who joined to defeat Hitler—and the many conscripts who are being sent to the service, and who, after all, have to face the same bombs.

I told you I would say a word about the men who are regular peace time firemen.

Mr. J. G. Tull has been chief officer of Windsor Fire Brigade for thirteen years—has twenty-seven years' experience of fire-fighting. That, by the way, you learn *from* real flames, not from books.

He has been turned out to make room for a man with three years' experience.

In another town a motor-car salesman, who knew a lot about selling you a saloon but little about fighting fires, entered a station.

He moved into one of the most important seats, for he has become one of the most highly paid men.

In Scotland "column officers" have been appointed at £500 a year. The only fires some of them understood anything about three years ago were lit with sticks.

Yet men with thirty years' experience have had to stand aside—even be frozen out.

One man of no experience whatsoever has been made fire chief of a big provincial town.

Seasoned old fire officers have been told: "Teach this lad a bit about the job."

They have done so. Then "this lad" has been promoted to high rank that towers over them dizzily.

Dozens of skilled firemen have written to me telling me how, within a few weeks of the National Fire Service being instituted, they turned up on duty to find men who knew nothing about fire-fighting filling their chairs.

"I am your company officer," they said. "Now what do I do?"

Pity the Conscripts

Then there is the position of the conscripted fireman, who gets all the disadvantages I have detailed—plus a few more besides.

He gets only one twelve days' leave every year.

That is unfair, because, unlike the regular fireman, he has to go where he is sent.

He is thus in the same position as a soldier, who, by virtue of this fact, gets four leaves of a week every year, with four free travelling warrants—and far better allowances than the conscript fireman.

I can tell you of many more injustices.

Of men for whom no feeding arrangements whatsoever have been made—no matter how long and how furious the *blitz*.

Of stations without washing facilities, drying facilities, bedding.

Of firemen who can't get adequate uniform quickly enough—of men who have had to turn out without proper service footwear.

But I will not stress these. There are more important things to be fought for.

Recommendations Ignored

As far back as 1920 the Government set up a committee—the Middlebrook Committee—to fix what wages and allowances a fireman should have.

The recommendation was for a total of £4 a week minimum. Costs have risen since—but our war firemen would be happy to get such a basic rate.

They must be given it—with thanks for being so non-mercenary.

When injured, they must be given something more than we award to anybody who happens to be injured by a bomb within an hour of setting foot on British soil for the first time.

There must be fair pensions for themselves and families when incapacitated from earning—for their widows and dependants when killed.

Just think of this:

A poor, half-crippled woman, totally unable to work, lost her husband during a South Coast *blitz*. She was left alone in the world—and helpless.

She has been given 22s. 6d. a week to live on, which is more than many widows will get. But isn't it horrible parsimony?

Then they must be treated as men, for men they are. See them when the bombs fall, and then you'll know.

They know how important discipline is—but they don't want treating like schoolchildren. They are embittered by harsh fines and orders to work extra hours when they are already working as hard as the human system can endure.

There is an unwritten code which goes right through the fire-fighting services.

It is: "Get redress, but get it by putting a carefully argued case. We mustn't do anything to cause dissatisfaction. That would be playing Hitler's game."

Read what I have written about the harshness and injustice that dogs them, and ask yourself: "Isn't that noble?"

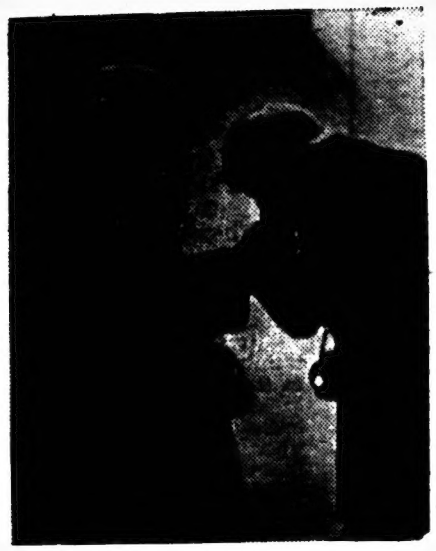
They must be shown that redress can come just as well from a well argued case as from kicking up a shindy.

For no body of men has had a better case to argue.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

E. M. Carroll, Rydal Drive, Bexley Heath, Kent, receives this week's £1 1s. for bringing some up-to-date information to my notice promptly.

Do not be afraid to write to me on any subject needing inquiry or publicity, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."



Have you ever seen these chaps during a blitz on London, on Coventry, on Plymouth?

Are You Any Good At Doing Sums?

ONE—newspaper, one tin, one cigarette packet. Millions of people still throw them away, think them of no account in helping the war effort. They selfishly cannot see how one small article can be of any use.

But talk of millions of newspapers, tins or packets and they can see that something can be made of them—munitions, rifle parts and a multitude of other much-needed things.

Also they can begin to visualise the valuable shipping space which can be saved.

They can, perhaps, begin to think in terms of the lives of the hundreds of thousands of sailors facing the submarine menace to bring much-needed materials across the oceans.

Before the millions can be got together for conversion into munitions we must first, however, save the single items.

Some Facts

To-day, thousands of different vital materials of war are being made out of salvage.

Just chew on these facts about waste paper:

Every ton makes 18 hundredweights of new paper.

Paper is used in every type of munitions.

One waste paper factory is now turning out parts for 13 different types of munitions.

Ten single sheets of average size notepaper make a cartridge wad for one round of Bren gun ammunition.

Now, bigger quantities and some of the extraordinary things waste paper makes:

One ton, with other materials, makes enough expansion jointing to lay one mile of aircraft runway.

Or it makes enough insulating material to line three Army huts, making them warm and comfortable.

Or it will give warmth and comfort to 96 merchant seamen by lining their quarters.

It will also make 71,000 dust covers for aero engines.

And here are the munitions it will help to make:

1,500 *shell containers*, or
9,000 *shell fuse components*, or
11,000 *mine assemblies*, or
47,000 *boxes for .303 cartridges*, or
6,000 *packing cases for 40mm. shells*.

Any Old Iron?

Now for scrap metal. One ton of ferrous metal will produce steel for either of the following:

1,629 *Bofors A.A. shells*,
49 4.5 *A.A. shells*,
97 3.7 *A.A. shells*,
10 250-lb. *bombs*,
100 *Bren guns*,
1,000 *rifle barrels*.

There is no grading of the order of importance of waste. Everything is vitally important.

It is no use saying everything has been cleared. Ten to one it hasn't.

One housewife who was sure she had cleared out everything had another look. She then found nearly a hundredweight of waste paper, enough to make 2,250 25-pounder shell cups.

So just have another look round.

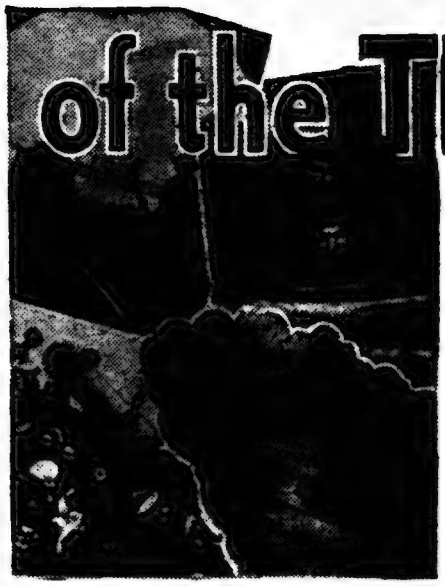
And when you have found all you can for the salvage man, sit down for a few minutes and think of all the things you can save.

The result will amaze you.

* * *

If you are dissatisfied with the way your local council collect your waste, write to JOHN BULL about it. We will see that matters are put right.

VOICE of the TROOPS



WE are not going to tell you the name of the British prisoner - of - war in Germany who wrote a letter that lies before us.

We are not going to tell you the address of the mother who received it.

We are not even going to print it as received, so determined are we that we shan't help the Nazis to trace the writer.

But we are going to tell you about it—and pay publication fee for it in the usual way.

It is about Uncle Joe.

The writer has just heard from his mother that he has been presented with a baby brother.

He expresses joy at the news—and tells his mother that if she knew what he knows about Uncle Joe she can be satisfied that uncle will make the lad's future much brighter than it might otherwise have been.

There are a lot of people who don't like Uncle Joe, he says. But to see a bit of those people is to realise that uncle will come out on top in the end.

Which family small-talk becomes mighty interesting when you read in an accompanying letter from his mother:

"The lad has no Uncle Joe. He refers to Joe Stalin. He has found a way of telling us the cheering news that our boys in German prison camps, who have seen Germany from within, are even more confident than the people at home that final victory will be ours."

What have they seen? The first minute crack in the granite of German militarism? A yearning for peace on the part of the Germans around them?

We can only guess—and turn to what the boys are doing who are still free to have a crack at Hitler.

★ ★ ★

PEPPER-POT BOMBING

Like many cavalrymen, Trooper L. Harnden, 295044, Middle East Forces, has a war-horse that runs on wheels.

He writes telling his sister, Mrs. H. Gear, of Charlbury Road, Nottingham, of a sudden bang that disturbed his reveries:

I was doing about 30 miles an hour at the time, and it must have been a big bang for me to hear it over the sound of the engine.

The bomb from an aeroplane had dropped 50 yards away, and it was due to the fact that I had driven into a dip that the débris sang over my head.

Now the bombs peppered down. No matter which way we looked, we saw them bursting.

We saw one low-flying 'plane that had obviously taken a fancy to our particular outfit.

It was only 400 yards away, at the rear, and charging straight down on us.

I turned the old bus round and made straight for him at 50 miles an hour. He daren't drop a bomb, or he would have blown himself up as well as ourselves at the height at which he was flying.

Talk about swerve, swear and sweat! As it was, his rear gunner had a smack at us, and put his armour-piercing bullets into our solid tyre.

Then three fighters swooped down at us. One of our chaps got his light machine-gun and let them have it.

One of the pilots shot up to about 000 ft., then dived straight to earth and buried himself 12 ft. in the sand.—Bob.

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters will be returned. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

UNREAD LETTER

And now a little action-story from Marine John Sneddon, serving on one of our biggest battleships in the Mediterranean.

It was a description intended for his mother, but she died just before receiving the letter:

I was sitting down in X turret's handling-room when a big salvo rang out.

In a few seconds everyone was hurrying about in case we were in for a big battle.

I began loading cordite into the cordite hoppers, and I didn't put many charges in before it was all over. Just a few minutes, that's all; yet in that time half a dozen Italian ships were on their way to the bottom.

One ship, a cruiser, had been blown clean out of the water by our fire.

All night we had been going all out at a speed very big for a battleship, so we might have guessed we were after something.

Trouble is with these successes that they make the ice-cream boys keep out of our way, and there's always a lot of worry in case we don't meet them again for the duration.—John.

★ ★ ★

WORLD'S WORST BOMB!

You get action on Home Service, too.

Here's bomb-disposal Sergeant Butlin writing to his wife at Elm House, Broughton Astley, Leicester, to tell her about one of the most obstinate bombs it has ever been his lot to "put out of mess":

I've been two days on the darned thing, and expect I shall have to keep at it till it's finished.

It has gone down 20 ft. below the level of the river-bed near it, and it weighs approximately two tons.

It is an awful job, as the hole fills with water as soon as we get one dug.

At nights the sides fall in, so we have to spend the mornings timbering it up.

One consolation is that that monster was dropped near a convent, and we take our rations in and they are cooked up for us beautifully, with honey, eggs and other luxuries thrown in! It would be a terror doing such wet, cold work with no hot food.

Don't worry if I am kept too busy to write for a time—it is more awkward than dangerous.—Fred.

HOME-SERVICE THRILLS

And writing about water brings us to the story of the Brigadier's Immersion.

It is told by R. A. Lock, home address St. John's Hill, Sevenoaks—rank not stated on the letter:

I'm never going to sneer at a Brass-hat again.

Our infantry battalion, on training, was required to cross a river. The water was very cold and uninviting.

Suddenly the current seemed to get hold of the heavy equipment of two men, and one man in mid-stream began to sink.

His helmet-strap was dragging into his throat. His water-filled clothing was proving too much for his swimming powers.

In a second our brigadier ceased to be a mere spectator. He ordered everybody to return to the banks. He told the "reccy" boat to attend to all men who had difficulty in reaching the shore—all except the man who was in such dire straits in the middle of the river.

Then he plunged in, swam to the sinking man, dragged him ashore, and got him out in a semi-conscious state.

Our respect for this grey-haired officer was heightened when, on a ceremonial parade, he went straight up to the private he had rescued, interested in one thing—his welfare.—R. A. Lock.

★ ★ ★

COURAGE COST A LEG

William Shepherd, A.B., merchant sailor, home address Norley Avenue, Newcastle Road, Sunderland, has lost a leg.

Mention of that fact is made right at the end of his letter—as if it were the least important thing that had happened to him since the war broke out:

My ship got left behind by the convoy. Suddenly a Jerry bomber appeared. As usual, it picked on the smallest ship in sight, a tiny trawler—got a lucky hit, and then ran like a coward into the clouds.

With great difficulty in such terrible seas we succeeded in launching a boat. But not until we had crashed into the side of our ship four times did we get clear.

We reached the doomed trawler with our boat half full of water. It completely swamped when we took the trawler men on it, and we had to go with them on to the fast-sinking ship.

Fortunately another trawler had had to turn back from the convoy with engine trouble. She saw our plight. I was taken off with others under terrific difficulty.

Then came the race to port, where I was rushed to hospital to have my leg amputated. Everybody has been just grand.—William Shepherd.

★ ★ ★

CURE FOR A ROMEO

Of course, they are all "just grand." Mrs. Crabb, of Merchant Street, Broadmead, Bristol, is told so in a letter from her niece Frances.

And as Frances is a nurse in one of our hospitals out East, she should know. She writes:

Our Tommies keep so devilishly healthy that I'm not having enough work to do.

They are fine lads, but one of them, unfortunately, had the idea that he was a great lady-killer. He imagined every nurse was after him.

Sue, our Lancashire lass, cured him. She brought him in a letter, and said a young lady had fallen for his charms.

Our dashing lad wrote. And back came a letter from Miss —— saying she appreciated the photograph, but, as for the letter, she would be eighty-three next birthday, and at her time of life she didn't think she ought to start a romantic correspondence with a young man!—Frances

★ ★ ★

SHE WOULDN'T WAIT

We started with a letter from a prison camp in Germany. We'll finish with one.

Not caring what the German censor thinks of it, Private J. J. Crompton tells his wife at Glencoe Terrace, Rowlands Gill, Co. Durham:

I don't mind staying here for ten years if it means a victory for England.

You've only got to read on and see what he thinks of his wife and child to realise what a sacrifice that would be.

And he tells his wife one story that needs no dwelling on.

It is of a sad, lonely figure in his camp, a boy whose world collapsed when he received a letter to say his wife had married again.

She did not know he was a prisoner! The second marriage will not stand, but the real hurt goes deeper. She had no faith. She would not wait.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

AFTER - THE - WAR reform should include State control of marriage. We want an A1 nation—not a C3.—Melville Grimsey, 22, Gordon Road, Camberwell, London.

★ ★ ★

Big sawmill where I work burns all its wood-shavings and sawdust, many tons of both weekly.—N. C., Sheffield. (Note: Sawdust and cement make a material very useful in aerodrome construction.)

★ ★ ★

Bus drivers who are objecting to driving in the black-out should hear what is being said about them by Service drivers who have to do it on Army or Air Force pay.—Air Mechanic, R.A.F.

★ ★ ★

Trousers are very durable and serviceable for women, but what the average man dislikes about them is that women tend to let their appearance go when they don them.—M. S., Speke.

★ ★ ★

Most astrologers predicted "no war": said when it came that Hitler had gone against the stars. Luckily for them, public memory is short.—W. T. Ryan, 102, Bridge Street, Barnsley.

★ ★ ★

Dried toadstool found on silver birch will smoulder for hours in a tin with holes; it was used in olden days for lighting fires and candles. So save matches.—C. Webster, Jeremy's Farm, Higham, near Nelson.

★ ★ ★

My young son, recovering slowly from pneumonia, and badly needing eggs, cannot have them because he isn't suffering from ulcerated stomach.—Mrs. Davidson, 8, South Mount Street, Aberdeen.

★ ★ ★

Vast quantities of peas and carrots are going to be tinned this year—despite the fact that for generations we had these vegetables all winter without the tins. And we are supposed to want tinplate for export, to bring valuable foreign currency.—F. Marriott, 98, Pensby Road, Thingwall, Wirral. (And dried peas have better vitamin value than canned.)

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

BY WILL SCOTT

Young Horace liked to listen, and old Walt liked to talk. He brought out again all his best yarns

IT ISN'T THE PLACE

FOR years and years and years old Walt used to think it was the place. Even when time brought changes.

And time brought many changes, for the years were many years. As long ago as the late 'sixties of the last century old Walt used to sit on the fallen log, watching the traffic going by to Brighton.

He was young Walt then. He wasn t quite twenty. He hadn't even met Mary

Quite a crowd of them there used to be at the fallen log on Saturday afternoons and summer evenings. Gurdy and George and Smiler, Tammy and Tich and Joe; dozens at one time. You saw life at the fallen log. There was always *somebody*. . . .

Old Walt had never lived anywhere else but Buddley Green. He was born there. He wanted to die there. There was no other place for him. If you were a stranger there, and got in his way, he'd talk to you about Buddley Green for hours.

Yes, the years were many. Not yet twenty when he began to make a habit of sitting at the corner, old Walt lived to find himself ninety and sitting there still.

Looking back, it wasn't the dates he saw. It wasn't in 1878 that the fallen log ceased to be and some generous-minded person erected the oak bench in its place. It was the year George got married and moved to Birmingham. *This* happened that Spring when Smiler fell off the ladder and broke his neck. *That* happened during the winter when Tammy went to Australia.

Looking back, there was always something to remember at Buddley Green. Seventy years is a long time to look back. So long a time that towards the end looking back became a lonesome business.

WHEN old Walt was eighty there were only three of them to do the looking back: old Walt himself, Gurdy and Joe. When the morning was warm they would sit in the sunshine near the fountain (which in its turn had taken the place of the oak bench), watching the traffic going by to Brighton along a wide road lined with great shops and villas where once had been but a country lane.

"Remember the first house they ever put up in the lane, Gurdy?"

"Ar, that I do indeed, Walt. That would be back in——?"

"It was three year after Mary and me married. I remember it exactly."

Mary. . . . And Mary had been gone these twenty years. Everybody seemed to be going. Well, that was life and you couldn't stop it.

"There's been some changes here, Gurdy. Not even a village it weren't when we knew it first. And now it's a great suburb, with *trams*. Well, I reckon it be best suburb of the lot, none the less. There's nowhere like Buddley Green."

"You're right there, Walt."

"You'll never catch me wanting to leave it, trams or no trams."

"Nor me, Walt," said Gurdy.

But Gurdy left it, all the same, at what was called the "ripe old age of eighty-four." "Many of the older generation will remember him," the local paper said, in an account of the funeral which none of the younger generation troubled to read.

And old Walt and Joe were the only two left.

They had a year together like that, wondering (without saying so) who would be next . . .

Joe was next, and old Walt was left alone.

It was a month or two before the war broke out, and a world which was a grey world for all became a world doubly grey for old Walt, still sitting (when the morning was warm) in the sunshine near the fountain.

Doubly grey—because nobody wanted to talk about anything. They seemed to be interested only in their own affairs. Selfish young people of fifty or sixty didn't want to listen to the yarns of an old man of ninety.

When he told them he could remember when there was a fallen log where the fountain was now, and all these streets were *country*, they only stared or said. "Oh, yes?" and went back to their own interests.

Nobody cared.

And it was then that old Walt made his big discovery.

It wasn't the place, after all. It wasn't Buddley Green.

"It's the people I knew here," old Walt told himself. "It isn't the sticks and stones. It wasn't the fields. It was the people I knew here. And the people I knew are all gone."

That, more than anything else, was what he found himself saying over and over again.

"It's the people, not the place. And the people I knew are all gone."

And even at ninety he'd have left Buddley Green for ever, if he had had anywhere to go. But he hadn't.

THE war did not trouble old Walt as it troubled many people. The world had become for him such a lonely and unpleasant place that a war seemed incapable of making it worse than it was.

Everybody else fell into a turmoil, but old Walt continued to sit (when the morning was warm) in the sunshine near the fountain. Other people thought of nothing but Hitler, but old Walt went on thinking of Joe and Gurdy and Mary, of Smiler and Tammy and George—and the years ago when there was a fallen log where the fountain was now.

And nobody in the whole of Buddley Green took the slightest bit of notice.

When the war became a bit too hot, young Horace's pa thought it was time for young Horace to get out of Islington (where you never knew) and go to stay with his uncle at Buddley Green (where you could be fairly sure, because what was there?), and away to Buddley Green Horace went.

A QUIET, thoughtful boy was young Horace, eleven or twelve, and since his uncle had always thought him a bit of a fool (because he wore glasses and read a lot) he was left to look after himself quite a lot.

And looking after himself he found his way to the fountain one morning and got talking to the old, old man there.

They talked about nothing much that first morning, but inside a week they were hard at it and firm friends, and young Horace was writing home to say what a fine time he was having at Buddley Green and how he had met an old, old man who knew everything about everything.

"Yes," said old Walt one morning, "I can remember this very corner more than eighty years ago."

"Honest?" said young Horace.

"More than eighty years ago. There were only three houses in sight then, and the inn, and none of 'em on the main road here. But busy! You ought to have seen the traffic going by to Brighton!"

"Over eighty years ago?"

"Over eighty years ago."

Old Walt wagged his head and chuckled.

"I've seen some changes, sonny! When I was twenty—and that's seventy years ago—I used to sit on this very spot most nights in summer, and every Saturday afternoon, watching the throng and talking with my pals. There used to be a fallen log where this fountain is now. We used to sit on that. . . ."

Young Horace liked to listen, and old Walt liked to talk. He talked. He brought out again all his best yarns, yarns of the days gone by, yarns of Gurdy and George and Smiler, Tammy and Tich and Joe, and the pranks they used to get up to when they were boys.

He told of how the first villas came, the small shops and the big shops, the new roads and the trams, of every little change that had come to Buddley Green—and the actors who once had trod that little stage.

And young Horace listened, fascinated.

"And now I'm the only one of them left," old Walt would finish, as often as not. "A whole crowd of us there used to be, sitting on and standing round the old log where this fountain is. And I'm the only one of them left. . . ."

"It's awful interesting," said young Horace.

Old Walt was glad now that he had not left Buddley Green to spend his last days in some strange place. He was glad now that young Horace had turned up. And he might have known that young Horace or somebody would turn up, because there was always *somebody* at that corner; always had been.

Sometimes old Walt was first at the fountain. There he would sit, peering up the road for the youngster who understood—the youngster who didn't only stare and say, "Oh, yes?" and go back to his own interests. Sometimes young Horace was there first, sitting on the railings and waiting for the old, old man who knew everything.

But never a day (when the morning was warm) did they *miss*.

And day after day old Walt would go back—twenty, thirty, forty years; fifty, sixty, seventy years—with wonderful stories of the tricks they'd got up to and the things they had done, all within half a mile of the fountain here. It seemed to young Horace that nothing worth happening had ever happened anywhere but at Buddley Green—even if it had all been once upon a time, and didn't happen any more.

Listening to old Walt, he would stare at the shops and the trams and the villas and imagine it all.

And his letters home grew more enthusiastic.

War or no war, it could have gone on for ever so far as young Horace was concerned. And old Walt.

But it didn't go on for ever. One morning young Horace waited and waited, but old Walt didn't turn up. He never turned up again.

"On Wednesday last, at the ripe old age of ninety. . . ."

YOUNG Horace's pa was certainly surprised when young Horace turned up again.

"Come home?" he said. "But from your letters I thought you reckoned Buddley Green was the grandest place on earth."

"Aw, it ain't the place," young Horace answered; "it's the people. There was two of us, but now I'm the only one left, somehow I couldn't stick it. Somehow it ain't the same when you're the only one left."

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . . . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE . . .

Write to "John Bull" about It!

YOUR FATE —OR AN ACCIDENT?

By *Humanist*

STRANGE that in a scientific age there should be an increase in popular superstition!

How can we really believe that good luck comes because we bow to the new moon or hang up a horseshoe? But apparently we think there may be something in it and decide to take the chance.

A number of letters about the subject has reached me lately. One woman writes:

My mother is very superstitious. Though I do not really believe in all she says, I cannot help a feeling that there may be an element of truth in it.

There are so many silly things, such as being afraid to walk under a ladder. Mother would not do that for anything, whereas I usually brave it out, only to have that stupid feeling afterwards.

A few days ago we received a chain-letter, telling us that unless we write seven similar letters something terrible will happen to us. That means seven stamps at 2½d. each, plus paper and envelopes.

Surely there must be something wrong with all these practices?

The chief thing to be said about all absurd superstitions is that there is no evidence to support them.

A clock stops without any apparent reason and a member of the family dies soon afterwards. Everybody hears about it.

But when there is no tragic sequel to the clock's stopping nothing is said.

There are probably a hundred cases of the latter to five of the former. Hence we are given a totally false impression of the facts.

There is no reliable evidence. It is therefore wrong to worry about such things.

When a young man living in lodgings I was startled by three inexplicable thumps on the window of my bedroom. A friend assured me I should have some evil news next day.

But nothing happened worthy of mention. If by some coincidence I had received bad news I should probably still believe that the mysterious knocks were a sign of death.

ANOTHER interesting letter is from a young soldier:

In my camp we have been having a discussion about Fate, and we put the question to you for arbitration.

As you may know, many soldiers find comfort in the idea that if you are going to be killed you can't do anything about it.

Those opposed to this notion say that one cannot believe in Fatalism and in Religion. It makes prayer powerless and meaningless.

Fatalism is common in war time, and although it is a superstition, its effects on morale are often good.

The man who believes he is predestined to be killed will not be tempted to run away!

On the other hand, if it is foreordained that he shall come through unscathed he will fight with unconquerable courage.

Is it possible to reconcile this faith in destiny with prayer for safety? Our own Nelson was reputed to be a Fatalist, but his prayer before Trafalgar is famous.

It may seem illogical, but it accords with our deep human instincts, and that must be its justification.

Of course, the idea of Fate is not necessarily concerned with death. It

There are so many silly things, such as being afraid to walk under a ladder . . .

occurs in a thousand love stories. A young woman writes:

I became friendly with a soldier, and when he was recalled to his unit I went to see him off. The train was standing in the station and I sat with him in the compartment for a few minutes.

How it happened I don't know, but I suddenly realised that the train was moving too fast for me to jump out. It was an express, too, and I had to remain for the whole journey.

On arriving in the big city my friend introduced me to his pal, who had come to meet him. I knew, the instant I set eyes on him, that this pal was the man I was destined to marry.

We were married last August. People think it was a lucky accident that I was carried away by that train, but I am sure it was no accident. It just had to happen!

Most young lovers are convinced that Providence or Fate took a hand in their coming together, but the psychologist only smiles at them. Kindly, of course.

When the marriage turns out happily the lovers are certain that their meeting was divinely planned. If it turns out badly they decide that it must have been an accident—an unfortunate one for both of them.

And this is the simplest way out of the dilemma.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

JUDGMENT

GOD watches all the time. He sees the vision in men's eyes, He sees the honour which they prize. He knows all that they bravely bear, and seeing all He knows the hour to crown their efforts with His power.

GOD watches all the time. He sees man's battles ebb and flow, He knows the depths to which men sink, He knows the evil thoughts they think, He knows the wide powers of brute force, and let them take their downward course.

GOD watches all the time. He sees the tortured and dismayed, He notes those who are mocked and flayed, and when He speaks the world will shake. That day will come, make no mistake, and then the Men of Guilt will flee, trailing their Flags of Blasphemy, deep in Retribution's Dust. GOD MADE THIS WORLD, AND GOD IS JUST.

JEAN MORTON.

BIG TALES OF LITTLE MEN—VI

Risked It — and Got the Order!

By FRANK STUART

WITH grim pride Bristol lays claim to the title of Britain's most-blitzed city.

For months before London was raided the sirens were sounding in Bristol, not only almost every night, but nearly every day as well.

Following the deliberate policy of the *Luftwaffe*, German bombers time and again tried to set the residential part of the city ablaze so as to light their operations against the docks and stations.

John Caning is just one of Bristol's business men, addicted to a bowler hat, confident, short and shining. He had built up his own business, which did a great American trade.

With the war his business became one of indirect national importance.

There came a night when, as usual, the *Luftwaffe* looked in.

It was a bigger raid than usual, and a frightful effort was made to burn Bristol to the ground.

The whole of the main shopping centre, with half a dozen great stores and a hundred smaller shops and houses, disappeared in choking rubble, flying brickdust, acrid cordite fumes, and devouring flames.

Burned-Out Heinkels

The Huns paid for what they did. Stabbing ack-ack guns began the challenge, and grim black night-fighters finished it. On the hills and fields around Bristol the red-hot carcases of burned-out Heinkels and Junkers smoked and twisted.

During that night of flame and din and terror, John Caning had been working as an extra night telephone exchange operator.

Not because of the money side of it—he was somewhere near a wealthy man, for all his bowler and his Bristol-cut suits.

But because, as he himself explained when asked: "These Huns come smashing up Bristol's trade, and we can't sit down under that."

"A nation of shopkeepers," Napoleon said bitterly; and, when Hitler goes to his St. Helena, he may understand what that means!

So Caning worked all night, plugging and unplugging, passing messages along from fire stations and batteries and hospitals and ambulance points, swift, tireless, exact, careless of the whine of bombs, the flying of broken glass from his exchange windows.

In the morning he went home, ate a solid breakfast, jammed his bowler on his head, and strode off to get a 'bus to his office.

Meant More Dollars

He had a very important appointment there at eleven o'clock. A famous American, due to leave Britain later the same day for Portugal, and thence by Clipper back to the States, was calling in Bristol to see certain samples on which depended a very big American order.

And, thence, a further big consignment of dollars for Britain.

Caning's first shock was to discover that his office no longer existed.

A gap-toothed line of jagged walls and smashed roofs showed how accurate the *Luftwaffe* had been in attacking its "military" objectives!

The Bristolian began to clamber over debris hills to find out what was left. But a policeman stopped him.

"Sorry, sir," he said. "No one's allowed in there. There's a time-bomb—biggest we've had, I believe—in among the ruins. We're waiting for the bomb-disposal people to come and see to it."

"Bad luck," said the bowler-hatted business man. "But I must have a look at my office—there's some stuff I've got to get out, if it isn't blown up. Samples—very important."

"Sorry, sir," the policeman replied. He was a Bristol man himself, and understood that business is business. But duty is duty, too. "You'll have to wait a bit, sir, I'm afraid."

Can't Go Losing Business

Caning argued. He pointed out that, bomb or no bomb, he had to have his samples. He explained patiently that we couldn't go losing a lot of business just because the Germans had left some explosives about.

But the policeman was adamant.

Caning pulled out his watch. In twenty minutes the American would arrive. There was no possible chance to get hold of more of those samples before he left the country.

The Bristolian walked away. He went quite a long way away. Then he turned and circled back by another route. As he approached the back of his premises he saw another policeman.

Again he turned away, and tried yet another approach, along a narrow alley where some garages stood. Against one of them was a ladder leading to a loft. Caning moved the ladder, and then went up it on to a low roof. He crossed the roof, and dropped ten feet on the other side into a yard that gave on to the devastated area.

Dodging from rubble-heap to rubble-heap, keeping out of sight of the police who guarded the place, he made his way to what had been his office.

The roof was smashed, and a huge crack in one wall had set it perilously leaning. It looked as if it would collapse at any incautious breath.

Caning crept round it, and into his office.

The Bomb Ticked On

There, sitting in the middle of his own floor, was a 500-lb. bomb. Its fins were bent, and it looked rather warworn, but it had not exploded. With his breath stricken out of him by surprise, Caning could hear a very faint ticking.

Right beside the bomb was his sample cabinet, smothered now in a mess of plaster and rubble from the collapsed roof. Carefully, he scraped the stuff away. He got out his keys and coolly fitted one in a lock. The lock clicked back and the door opened.

Beside him the bomb went softly tick-tick-tick. . . .

He shut the door and locked it. Then, with the samples under his arm, he began to pick his way back over the naked hills of debris.

At three minutes to eleven o'clock the American walked slowly towards the ruins. The Bristolian tapped him on the arm.

He got his order, and it was a big order—a very big order indeed. And he executed it afterwards, bomb or no bomb, office or none.

He is just a type—not a story-book hero or a bemedalled superman, but one of thousands and tens of thousands of undemonstrative, quiet people, going about their business as usual, though hell itself descend from the skies in an effort to overwhelm them.

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Card-Players used Diamonds as Counters

So common were diamonds in certain parts of Brazil that years ago the natives used them for counters in card games. The most famous Brazilian diamond is the "Star of the South." A white stone of 128 carats, it was found in 1853 and acquired by the Gaekwar of Baroda, an Indian potentate.

It is an economy to ask your repairer for—

DRI-PED LEATHER

The most popular diamonds today are the purple diamonds stamped on Dri-ped leather. They guarantee double wear from sole repairs —a real saving in times like these. Dri-ped is waterproof, too; ask your repairer to use it next time.

The WATERPROOF SOLE LEATHER with the DOUBLE WEAR

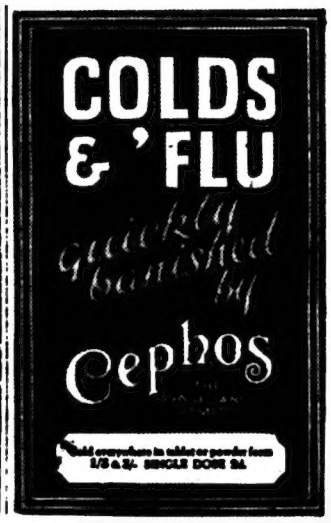
If your repairer cannot supply Dri-ped, write to Dri-ped Ltd., Rose Hill Tannery, Bolton, Lancs.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

Although, like other foods, Silvikrin is 'rationed' and your chemist and hairdresser may not have as large a stock as usual, supplies are distributed as evenly as possible.

A little Silvikrin does a great deal of good — keeps scalp healthy and roots nourished. Be wise! Save your hair by feeding it with Silvikrin.



DO YOU SUFFER FROM

WEATHER PAINS?

Pain fades out as Sloans soaks in

Postmen, policemen, wardens, firemen, carmen, farmworkers—out in all weathers, often soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone, find Sloans Liniment a godsend for warding off aches and pains. Applied to stiff, aching joints or throbbing nerves, Sloans quickly stops the pain. Use Sloans to stop the pains of **lumbago, backache, sciatica, neuritis, neuralgia, sprains, bruises** and **cramp.**

Sloans acts quickly and never fails to relieve. Get a bottle now! At all Chemists and Stores.

SLOANS Liniment **KILLS PAIN**

THE LAST LAUGH

A. J. (Barnet).—"I read that a barman in a New York night club can stand on his head and shake cocktails with his feet." His concoctions should have plenty of kick.

G. B. (Epsom).—"Many doctors are good linguists." Well, their profession makes them familiar with many tongues.

J. D. (Bradford).—"A good cigar never burns the tongue." Provided care is taken to put the right end in the mouth.

RUTH (Cirencester).—"I have two favourite flowers." The flower of the Army and the flower of the Navy?

J. Y. (Southampton).—"When I was in the country I caught two large moles." We didn't know that moles were infectious.

F. T. (Sutton).—"My parrot asks for its food." It must be embarrassing when somebody is talking and your pet suddenly shouts "Nuts!"

S. McD. (Glasgow).—"I once played the piano continuously for seventy-two hours." You had it on three days' free trial?

H. N. (Taunton).—"Rather than buy a pair of shoes that were too small for me, I spent a lot more on them than I could afford." So you are feeling the pinch just the same.

B. M. (Wembley). — "You wouldn't expect a five-year-old to sell his uncle a pup, would you?" No, an orange.

MABEL (Wigan).—"I have never yet failed to get my regular ten cigarettes a day." Lucky to have as many as ten boy friends, aren't you?

T. L. (Wanborough).—"I once put money into a concern which gave me no return whatever." You should have tried giving it a vigorous blow. Sometimes you can get your penny back that way.

F. B. C. (Epping).—"I can't make up my mind whether my greenhouse should be ventilated or not." Juvenile footballers in your neighbourhood may solve the problem for you.

MRS. M. (Bermondsey).—"I have now got a job unloading goods and putting them on the runway down to the warehouse, so my husband has to get his own meals." You are feeding the chute instead of feeding the brute.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"C'mon, Busby! Step on it! Wavell wants to get started!"

E. P. (Stourbridge). — "A man doesn't like raking up the past." That's the attitude our jobbing gardener takes regarding the autumn leaves.

J. L. (Goodmayes). — "Maori girls greet each other by rubbing noses." The custom would not be popular in this country with face powder as scarce as it is.

W. W. (Preston).—"Beer is replacing cocktails at parties, and what is the result?" Larger rings on polished tables.

MISS Y. (Kenilworth).—"He proposed to me on his knees." Well, that's what you got on his knees for, wasn't it?

K. W. (Rainham).—"Her father told me that the fellow who married his daughter would need a lot of money." So you pointed out that you were just the man?

ACTRESS (Kensington).—"Beauty and brains got me where I am to-day." Your beauty and the producer's brains, eh?

S. F. (Ipswich).—"Do you think it fair to the butcher that a baker should sell pies with meat in them?" Well, the butcher sells sausage skins with bread in them.

Side-Slips

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"The driver of the combination sustained a fractured PAW."

CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS:—"The CAR had not been immobilised and the doors were unlocked."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Mrs. Dymond has been a widow since April last, left with three children—two of them still at school.

Her late husband served in the last war and six months in the present one. She is unable to obtain a Widow's Pension because her husband had been unemployed so long and had insufficient stamps on his Insurance Card.

This applicant is in an extremely unfortunate position. Owing to the state of her health she has been compelled to give up work on more than one occasion. At the moment she is unable to work, but hopes to do so as soon as her condition improves.

Meanwhile, rent of 12s. 6d. a week has to be paid and the children fed and clothed. They are badly in need of shoes for the winter.

Will you send a donation earmarked "Anxiety," or for our General Fund, to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Result of "BULLETS" 1,295

FIRST PRIZE £50.

J. Elliott, 62, Yale Road, Wykes, Coventry, Warwicks.
Example: TO REBUILD THE WORLD
Bullet: RIVETER FLATTENED "BEHIND BARS."

£20: J. W. Cohen, 67, Norman Grove, Bow, E.3.
Example: Headed For Bunch
Bullet: Wench, Whatever The Wrench.

£10: R. M. Williams, 19, Treyew Road, Truro, Cornwall.
Example: Wine Parents
Bullet: Hide Children From War.

£5: W. A. Morgan, 165, Upwell Street, Sheffield.
Voice Of The Free—Your "Hits" Makes Weather.

£4: A. Barraclough, Chemistry, Wortley, nr. Sheffield.
Games First—War Production—"Produce" Peace.

£3: E. F. Reader, 26, Crescent Road, Bromley, Kent.
Work Like The Devil And—Watch Pennies Please Mate!

£2: W. Wilson, 42, Reed Street, South Shields.
To Rebuild The World—Many Giving "Four Wills."

20s.: G. Hotchkin, 18, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes.
Sense Of Resolution—Let Arms "Avalanche" Present!

20s.: C. J. Hartley, 90, Holy Avenue, Southport.
Work Like The Devil And—Give Hell-bent-ness No Quarter!

20s.: I. White, 116, Sunnymead Road, South Yardley, Birmingham.
Voice Of The Enemy—Can't "Interrupt" Accident "Delivery."

20s.: W. Boyd, 26, Kate Hardie Street, Greenock, Arst.
Dress For Victory—We'll "Weave"—We've Will.

20s.: A. Neal, 80, Belvedere Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.
On The March—Tommy Double "Deployment Shortage."

A list of 3 Winners of 25s., 20 Winners of 2s. and 60 Winners of 1s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

6 BIG CHEQUES

WORD NO. 247

WINNING WORDS:—1, Gift. 2. Plane. 3. Post. 4. Bill. 5. Tin. 6. Bar. 7. Anchor. 8. Plant. 9. Spoon. 10. Book. 11. Spell. 12. Lead or Head. 13. Fly or Way. 14. Play.

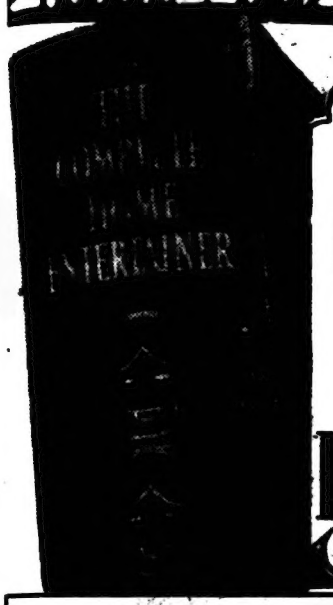
2525 Clues:—Gunner 6, 9, Camp, Somewhere-in-Italy; 6, Grandpa, 10, Sleeper Plane, Salford-on-Avon, Warwks; 7, 7, Knight, 9, Bakehurst Down, Bakehurst-on-Sea; 6, Smith, Dandelion, Suffolk Or, Bump; 7, 9, Thomas, 54, Mail Park Road, Shrewsbury; 7, F. Wolfen, Gentlemen College, Great Hayes, Reading, Berks.

Runners-up Awards, value £55, shared between 35 entrants.

XMAS PRIZES SEE PAGE OPPOSITE

JOHN BULL'S GREAT BOOK OFFER FOR ITS READERS!

ENTIRELY NEW! JUST OUT



THE COMPLETE HOME ENTERTAINER

JUST THE BOOK FOR THE WINTER, AND LONG BLACKOUT EVENINGS!

Nearly 1000 *ways of entertaining yourself, your friends and the children*

GET-TOGETHER GAMES, FUN ROUND THE FIRESIDE, THRILLS AND MYSTERY, GAMES WITH PEN AND PENCIL, STUNTS AND JOKES, CHARACTER QUIZZES, ONE-MINUTE TEASERS, CARD WIZARDRY, INTELLIGENCE TESTS, SONGS, THRILLS WITH MATCHES, STRING AND COINS, BOARD AND TABLE GAMES, CONJURING, CARD GAMES, CHILDREN'S OWN SECTION, Etc., Etc., Etc.

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This work, never before published, contains over 500 pages, 135,000 words, practically 400 pictures and ONE THOUSAND games, pastimes and songs! Entertainment for every one from eight to eighty.

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DON'T FORGET THE CHILDREN

A whole section of this book is devoted specially to games for the kiddies. Every woman with young evacuees staying with her over Christmas should make certain to get this book to keep them amused.

Size 8½" × 5½", bound Blue Morocco-Grained Book-cloth, title embossed on spine in Gold.

All you need after you receive your Invoice is 3/6, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 4/6 in all.

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Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.B.1. 8/11/41

Smile all the while

Whatever the day brings we've got to keep smiling. So let's make our smiles worth while. Above all don't take chances with your teeth. Don't risk using tooth-pastes which employ abrasives to secure whiteness. They can't avoid injuring the thin coating of enamel which alone prevents decay. What about the paste you are using now? Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 10½d. a tin.

Keep the winning **Odol** *Smile!*

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½ Solid Dentifrice, 7½. *Including Purchase Tax.*

An Excellent Recipe for the Family Cold

Easily made up at home

There is no need for the family cold to go round if you make up this good old-fashioned recipe and keep it always at hand.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may add a little sugar or syrup if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. Parmint (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/5 and 3/5.

XMAS PUDDINGS FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE!

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE **£25 VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS**

For result of Xword No. 247, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 251

CLUES (Answer every clue by entering letter in every column.)	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5p	5p	5p
1. One hoping several days supplies reliable foods and requisite encouragement	ALE			
2. You ought to be able to rely on getting this at first-class fruiterer's	BET			
3. Swift, vigorous action will soon right you	SCAPS			
4. It will be a great day when Mussolini and Hitler do so	CASH			
5. Is commonly cured by smoking	PI			
6. Skilful man should be able to fasten two pieces of wood together without	AIL			
7. When in right manner, officer's will gives his men confidence in him	GRI			
8. Underground movement sometimes causes these to spread	ROTS			
9. War material falling into enemy hands for a time is probably this	LOT			
10. In days gone by, women resorted to this for purpose of getting a throw	FINT			
11. Some schoolboys seem to hate the sight of this	ANE			
12. If one enterprise pursuers, it is mainly due to craft	OX			
13. Clever stage impersonator sometimes does this in amazingly convincing way	AES			
14. When you buy refrigerator, be very careful about putting this in it	FOO			

FREE ENTRIES

Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 17.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. Value.....

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Address.....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated December 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

CASH XMAS CAKES XMAS DINNERS!

£50 CASH plus £20 CASH plus £10 CASH XMAS DINNER £5 £4 £3 £2 50 PRIZES

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,295 appears on page 14

HOUSEWIFE	NO GOOD
BRITANNIA	STRIKES US
IN THE WAR ZONE	ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
GOING TO IT	THE STARS
MAD DOG OF EUROPE	SAVING
ALL WE NEED	LIKE A SHOT
BROTHERS	NARROW SQUEAK
SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE,	GRANDPA'S A WARDEN, SO
WHATEVER HAPPENS	RAN WITHOUT A.....
MY TROUBLE IS	BAKES ..... SEE RED
WORRYING	OUT OF THE.....
AT ONE FELL SWOOP	SURE TO.....
RUDELY INTERRUPTED	WORKING FOR .....
	BARRING THE.....

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

TWO FREE ENTRIES may be enclosed with each Bullet paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,299 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 17

Signed .....

Address .....

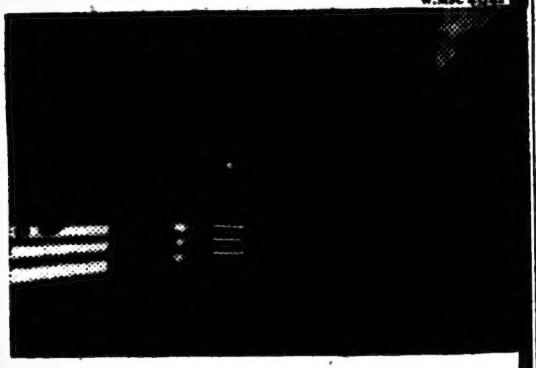
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,299—or Xword No. 251, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

WAR-TIME GUIDE FOR BATTERY USERS

W.MSC 41/41

THE MOTORIST



AVOID driving at night unless it is absolutely necessary. Remember to sit still in the driving seat, with the headlights on, for a minute or two before first starting off. Don't drive on the white guiding line, but if the road is wide enough, keep well clear of the kerb to allow room for cyclists. See that the headlamp masks are correctly adjusted.

* *Please spare your car battery as much as possible—take even greater care of it. You will thus relieve pressure on a busy, vital industry.*

Exide

BATTERIES

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LTD., GROSVENOR GARDENS HOUSE, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

WINDOWS BRILLIANT 3 TIMES QUICKER

SHAKE WINDOLENE ON TO A POROUS CLOTH...
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW— IT FORMS A WHITE FILM
LET IT DRY A MOMENT— GIVE A QUICK POLISH—AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

No water to splash carpets —no more hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy —removes all grease and fly-marks—gives a lasting gloss. It's economical, too. Get it from your grocer or ironmonger, and see what a new sparkle it brings to your windows and mirrors.

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

BLUEBELL POLISH CO., LONDON, W.C.1 (RECKITT & SONS)

Switch off the Electricity whenever you can

Each day and every day make up your mind to save electricity. Use it with the most rigid economy. Then you'll be saving coal — for the factories, to *increase production* and shorten the war.

ECONOMISE IN EVERY WAY YOU CAN

Here are some examples:

- Switch fire 'down' or 'off' as soon as room is warm
- Try and do without your radiators and electric fires until tea-time
- Never leave a fire burning in an unoccupied room
- Do without a fire in your bedroom
- Don't waste 'a nice hot oven' on a single dish

Call at your Electricity or Gas Showroom or Coal Office for advice and leaflets on how to economise.

Save FUEL for the factories

All Fuels are equally important

COAL • COKE • GAS • ELECTRICITY • FUEL OIL • PARAFFIN

ISSUED BY THE MINES DEPARTMENT

Blood on your brush?

—that's dangerous!

It's the sign of gum-rot (pyorrhœa) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Take no chances—use Gibbs S.R. regularly. It contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's treatment for gum troubles. It keeps gums firm and teeth sparkling.

Gibbs "S.R." TOOTHPASTE

7½d & 1/6

GR 113-6/38

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.1

How to SOOTHE and HEAL those CRACKED CHAPPED HANDS!

Get a Snowfire Healing Tablet today! Rub it on those cracked, chapped, work-sore hands tonight. You'll be amazed how quickly it soothes and heals—brings glorious relief from irritating chilblains and stinging burns. Its effects are positively magical!

Snowfire Healing Tablet costs so little—does so much. Get yours today!

Banish CATARRH!

Just apply NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy in the nostrils, sniff gently. Experience immediate relief. Feel how it soothes the sore inflamed nasal membranes—clears the poisons—acts as a filter—so that only pure clean air reaches your lungs. For Catarrh, Head Colds, 'Flu, Catarrhal-Deafness there is nothing to match NOSTROLINE. All Chemists 1/3, tax extra.

"NOSTROLINE"

I AM YOUR THANKFUL WELLWISHER

—Nearly 77 Years of Age

The Change In Me Is Wonderful

DRAMATIC TRIBUTE TO YEAST-VITE

Glasgow,
Dear Sirs, Sept. 19th, 1941.

I had been bombed out in London and contracted a deadly cold—incurable. I decided to start on Yeast-Vite and after a fair trial I am almost a sound man again. I am thankful to you because there is life in Yeast-Vite . . . I recommend it to anyone suffering from any pains, cold or such like.

All thought I was done for as I was very ill since last year. But your Yeast-Vite not only relieves but cures any man, which I can prove. The change in me is wonderful. That made all my friends buy Yeast-Vite. I am your thankful wellwisher, nearly 77 years of age.

(Sgd.) J. G.

Stoke-on-Trent
Dear Sirs, Sept. 17th, 1941.

I have great pleasure in saying that Yeast-Vite tablets are fine, having tried them myself. The results are splendid and overcome the great strain through which we are now passing. I hope other people will find the benefit as I have.

You may use this as a testimonial if desired with every pleasure, and my recommendation will always be used. (Sgd.) Nurse M.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets, 7d., 1/4, 3/2 & 5/4, including purchase tax. Sold Everywhere.

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